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SENIOR ISSUE

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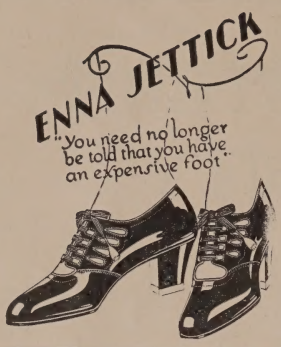

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FOREWORD

IN this our Senior issue of the GOLDEN ROD, we of the Class of February 1931 have taken the opportunity to record the pleasures and activities of the most precious years of our youth. We have departed from a precedent that has withstood many long years, yet we hope that our innovations will enrich that which is traditional and make more unique that which is of permanent interest. With this the first semi-year book, a new and greater field of endeavor has been opened to forth coming classes.

In our class activities we have taken many pleasures; for the lessons learned in the class room we are full of gratitude, and in our many new friendships we take fitting pride. To strive to conquer, and then to pass on to greater tasks; we write the end to our high school years knowing that we have made a small beginning.

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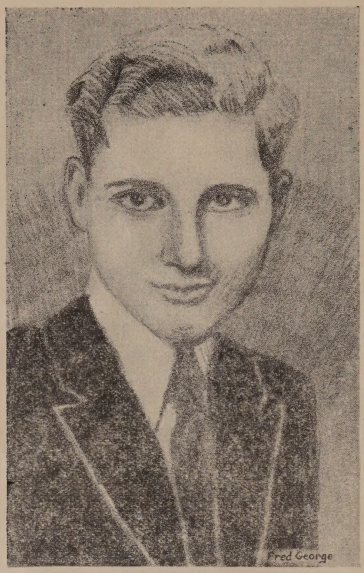


Class Officers--February 1931

Memories

DOROTHY AMBLER
"Dot"
Did you read her story, "The Wind-Up," in the November Golden Rod? She seems to want to be another Fannie Hurst.

GEORGE ANDERSON
"Andy"
Traffic '30; stage work for Senior Dramatics. He loves to skate, but wants to be an engineer. He is famous for ushering at the Strand, and ought to be a radio announcer.

JOHN ANDERSON
"Andy"
Track '29, '30; Traffic '30; Class Football '30; Senior Dramatics '29; Decoration Committee, Hallowe'en Dance '29. His hobby is "Doug" Smeaton. He is always late or slow, yet his ambition is "Dot" Malone.

DAGNY ARONSON
"Dag"
Big Sister Club '30. She likes music and is famous for silence. "Silence is golden."

LILLIAN BAILEY
"Lil"
Marshal '30; Traffic '30; Christmas Dance Committee '30; Hallowe'en Dance Decorating Committee '29. Her ambition is to be thin and her hobby is dieting. "Tiny, pretty, witty."

WILLIAM BAKER
"Bill"
Traffic '30; Senior Dramatics Committee; Cafeteria Marshal '30. Have you seen his Ford? No wonder he wants to be a motorcycle cop! His hobby is playing miniature golf.

NORMAN BARKER
"Joe"
Interclass Baseball '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '28. He is ambitious to play defense on a hockey team with "King" Clancy.

WALTER BASSETT
"Bub"
Interclass Basketball '29, '30; Traffic '30; Interclass Football '29, '30. He is always ready to recite our athletic records. What a pity he has to graduate! He is famous for being everything in football from referee to water-boy.

GERALDINE BATCHELDER
"Jerry"
Baseball '29; Track '29; Hockey '29, '30; Bowling '29; Christmas Dance Refreshment Committee '29; Decorating Committee Hallowe'en Dance '30; Senior Dramatics Committee '30. Her ambition is to travel far and fast. She is famous for the boy friends.

DONALD BATES
"Don"
Class Basketball '29, '30; Business and Advertising Manager of Golden Rod '30. He is a golf enthusiast. Don aspires to see a bigger and better Golden Rod.

DOROTHY BEDFORD
"Dot"
Hockey '28, '29, '30; Basketball '28, '29, '30; Tennis '29; Thalia Club, Student Council '29; Traffic '30; Chairman for Senior Reception. Dot radiates cheer and friendliness in a pleasing abundance.

SALLY EUNICE BRADFORD
Marshal in Cafeteria '30; Class Picture Committee '30; Class Song Committee '30. Her hobby is horseback riding, and she wants to travel. Sally is famous for being the prettiest girl in the class.

KENNETH CAHOON
"Pee-wee"
Football '29, '30; Basketball '29, '30; Traffic '30. He is famous on account of his nickname. "Hold the fort, I'm coming."

CHARLES CANAVAN
"Charlie"
Senior Dramatics '30; Track Team '28, '29, '30; Class Football '30; Class Basketball '30. Poor chap! His hobby is Hazel. He is famous for his wisecracks and his height.

JOHN CARLSON
"Johnnie"
He is famous for keeping away from the limelight. "He is complete in feature and in mind, with all good grace to grace a gentleman."

MARTIN COEN
"Marty"
Radio Club '30. His hobby is loafing and he doesn't mind the 1.30 bell. "'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts."

ALICE CONLEY
"Al"
Basketball '30; Hockey '29. Her hobby is swimming. She is fit for a big banker's stenographer. "Good nature is an asset."

CHARLES CONNELLY
"Charley"
Football '29. '30; Senior Dramatics '30; Track '28, '29. '30; Traffic '30. He is fit for filling Lon Chaney's place. "To be strong is to be happy."

MAYBELLE COOK
"Mabs"
Cafeteria Work '29. '30. She wants to become a music teacher. "The fairest garden in her looks, and in her mind the wisest books."

ROLAND COOPER
"Rollie"
Hockey '28, '29; Traffic '30. His ambition is to make only a few million dollars. The saying, "It's the drag that does it." is his. He is fit for the presidency of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

VIRGINIA CORCORAN
"Gin"
Tennis '28; Latin Club, '28. She is ambitious to become a great artist. "Learning by study must be won."

ARTHUR COSSABOOM
"Cossie"
Radio Club '30; Traffic '29. He is famous for hanging around our science teachers and trying to tell them what to do.

MURIEL COX
"Yocabinski"
Library Staff '29, '30; Candy Girl '30; Refreshment Committee '30; Sports Editor of Golden Rod '30. Her hobby is helping Miss Coulman. "As merry as the day is long."

HELEN COY
"Fuzzy"
Traffic 30; Hockey '28. She is ambitious to become a famous tennis star. "Is she not passing fair?"

PATRICIA CRAIG
"Pat"
Thalia Club, Leaders' Club. Traffic '30: Basketball '28. '29, '30; Field Hockey '28. '29; Baseball '28, '29, '30; Decorating Committees. What would happen if she came to school early?

GERALDINE CROWLEY
"Jerry"
"Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

ANNIE CULLEN
"Annie"
Tennis Tournament F '31: Swimming Team F '31. Her hobby is swimming, and she is ambitious to become a nurse.

IRENE CUTLER
"I"
Her hobby is dancing at the Wisteria, and she is fit for being the private secretary of some big "butter and egg man."

ROBINA DAKERS
"Ruby"
Field Hockey '29; Decorating Committee '29; Basketball '28, '29, '30; Newswriters' Club '29; Baseball '28; Golden Rod Agent '29; Traffic 30; Leaders' Club '29. Ruby is famous for being the most popular girl and the class flirt.

THELMA DAWE
"Thel"
Basketball '29; Traffic '30; Student Council '30. Her hobby is swimming, and she wants to become an expert bookkeeper.

PHYLLIS DERBY
"Billie"
She loves to swim and wants to become an expert typist. "A pretty woman is always a welcome guest."

GERALD DESMOND
"Jay"
Baseball '28, '29, '30; Traffic '30; Soccer '29, '30; Class Basketball '28, '29. His hobby is playing baseball, and he wants to become a Big League star.

FRANCES DEVINE
"Fran"
She is desirous of becoming a private secretary, and is very fond of skating. "If ladies be but young and fair they have the right to know it."

ESTHER DEWEY
"Es"
Thalia Club '30. Her hobby is playing tennis, and she wants to become just another secretary. "Concealed talent brings no reputation."

PEARL DIAMOND
"Dye"
Class Pin and Ring Committee F '31. What a jeweler she would make! Her hobby is fast driving, and she wants to travel in foreign countries.

MARY Di BARTOLOMEO
"Mae"
Thalia Club '28, '29, '30; Newswriters' Club '27, '28; Spanish Club '30; News Editor of Golden Rod; Vice - President, Quincy-Bridgewater Club '29; President '30; Representative to Hi-Y '29, '30. Her hobby is traveling.

GORDON DONNAN
"Chick"
Track '28, '29, '30; Football '29, '30; Student Council '29, '30; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30. He is very fond of track and football.
"His limbs were cast in manly mold
For hardy sports or contest bold."

HELEN DRAKE
Vice-President of Feb. '31 Class; Class Picture Committee; Graduation Decoration Committee F '30
"Let men say what they will.
Women, women, rule them still."

SYLVIA DUMONT
Girls' Hockey '29; Traffic '29.
"Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me."

THELMA DUNCAN
"THEL"
Spanish Club '29, '30; Q-B Club '30; Traffic '30; Student Council '30; Operetta Candy Girl '29, '30; Refreshment Committee '29. Her hobby is skating, and she wants to travel.

CATHERINE ERICKSON
"CATHIE"
Orchestra '29, '30; Spring Concert '29, '30; Q-B Club '29, '30; Art Editor of GOLDEN ROD; N. E. Orchestra Contest '29, '30; Traffic '30; Decorating Committee '30; Refreshment Committee '30; Spanish Club '30; Bowling Team '30. Her hobby is drawing.

HELEN EVANS
"CHICKIE"
Thalia Club '28, '29, '30; Vice-President '30; Hockey '28, '29, '30; Q-B Club '29, '30; Traffic '30; Candy Girl, Senior Dramatics '29, '30. Her ambition is to return to India, where she was born.

ADELINE FERRANTE
"AD"
Spanish Club '30. Her hobby is swimming, and she wants to become a great musician.
"To a woman, silence is an ornament."

EVELYN FINDLAY
"EVIE"
GOLDEN ROD Homeroom Agent; Basketball Champs '28; Traffic '30; Field Hockey '28. Her hobby is playing basketball, and she wants to get on the Olympic swimming team.

MARGARET FORSYTH
"PEGGY"
English Club; Bowling '31; Swimming '31; Basketball '31. Her hobby is playing tennis.
"Hence bashful cunning and prompt me, plan and holy innocence."

SYDNEY FOX
"SID"
Radio Club '30; Science Club '29. He wants to become the strong man in a circus.
"Homework is a farce."

ROSE FRAGER
She wants to become a movie actor's private secretary.
"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy and gentle though retired."

JOHN FRANKLIN
"Fanciful Mary"
Junior Varsity Football '29; Football '30; Traffic '30; Debating Club '30. He wants to become an aviator and is famous because of George.
"As the busy bee improves each shining hour."

LAURA FREBURG
"Given"
Traffic '30. Her hobby is swimming with the crowd.
"A smile will go a long, long way."

ELEANOR FRUTH
"Pat"
Christmas Dance Decorating Committee '28, '29; Traffic '28. Her hobby is dancing, and she is ambitious to become a dancing teacher.
"A little flirt I know full of caprices."

CHARLES GANZEL
"Charlie"
President Hi-Y; Senior Dramatics Business Manager; Student Council; Interclass Football Team, '29; Traffic. His hobby is playing a jazz piano, and he wants to become a four-letter man at Dartmouth.

INEZ GARGARO
"Iny"
Traffic '30. Her hobby is reading Horatio Alger novels.
"Her hair is of a good color,
an excellent color;
Your chestnut was ever the only color."

JEAN GELAS
"Jelly"
Traffic '30; Student Council '29; Spring Dance '29; Baseball '28, '29, '30; Basketball '28, '29; Student Council '30; Golden Rod Homeroom Agent '30. He is fit for a comedian in "Our Gang" Company.

FRANCIS GEORGE
"Fran"
Traffic '30. He is famous for being one of the "bad boys from the good home."
"There are not many more like me."

FREDERICK GEORGE
"Fred"
Class Football '30; Traffic '30; Class Basketball '29; Wrestling '29, '30. Fred will probably end up by doing commercial painting for Ziegfeld.

RALPH E. GERVAIS

Band '28, '29, '30; Orchestra '28, '29, '30; Cafeteria Marshal '30; Traffic '30. His hobby is taking three lunches. He longs to construct the tin cups in miniature golf courses.

IRIS W. M. GLADWIN

Traffic '30; Basketball '28, '29; Senior Reception Committee '30. She loves to draw pictures and wants to become a vagabondess.

"Hang sorrow.
Care will kill a cat.
And therefore let's be merry."

WARNER GOLBRANSON

"Duke"

Football '28, '29; Basketball '29; Marshal '28, '29; Traffic '30. Duke seems to effervesce charm to the "wimmin." His telephone book is a mass of red welts for underscored girls' numbers.

REBECCA GOODMAN

"Becky"

Cafeteria Marshal '29; Candy Girl at Senior Dramatics '30. She likes to dance and swim, and her ambition is to travel.

DELBERT GROHE

"Baron"

Outdoor Track '29, '30; Traffic '28, '29, '30; Indoor Track '30; Senior Reception Committee; Usher at Senior Reception '30. His hobby is psychology, and his ambition is to beat Iris Gladwin in an argument.

ALICE GUILMARTIN

"Al"

Thalia Club '28, '29, '30; Secretary of Q-B Club; Refreshment Committee, Hallowe'en Dance; Traffic '28; Representative to Hi-Y '29, '30. She is famous for being an elocutionist.

MARGUERITE HAAKE

"Pansy"

Literary Editor of Golden Rod: Traffic '28: Leaders' Club '30. Her hobby is ski-jumping and her ambition is to "flunk" a subject.

ETHEL HALLORAN

"Effy"

Traffic '28, '30; Basketball '29, '30; Field Hockey '30. She is fit for a gym teacher.

"Style is the dress of thoughts."

MARJORIE HARDING
"Midge"
She is an extra necessity, and wants to become her own double.
"Imagination is the air of the mind."

FRED HARVEY
"Lanky"
Traffic '30. His hobby is ushering at the various Quincy theatres. It's hard to tell what he is fit for, but his aim in life is to get an "A" in Trig.

LAURIE HELANDER
"Larry"
Senior Class Football '30. He is ambitious to become a public accountant and his hobby is football.
"Our thoughts and our conduct are our own."

JANET HEMINGWAY
"Jan"
Refreshment Committee for Christmas Dance '29; Hallowe'en Dance '30; Spring Dance '30; Senior Reception. Chairman of Class Song Committee; English Club '30; Basketball '30. Her hobby is life-saving.

GERMAINE HENDERSON
"Jim"
Secretary of Feb. '31 Class. Her hobby is drawing, and she wants to travel. She is fit for "Johnnie."
"Still waters run deep."

KATHLEEN HOFFERTY
"Kay"
Thalia Club '29, '30; Alumni Editor of Golden Rod; Traffic '30; Refreshment Committee for Spring Dance '29; Christmas Dance '29; Hallowe'en Dance '30; Golden Rod Homeroom Agent '28; Representative to Hi-Y '29, '30; Chairman Senior Reception Committee; Captain Tennis '29.

ELVIE HOLMGREN
"El"
Her hobby is playing the piano, and she wants to become a piano teacher.
"If music be the food of love, play on it."

BETTY HUGHES
"Alegra"
Candy Girl at Operetta '29; Senior Dramatics '30; Golden Rod Staff; English Club '30; Library Staff '28, '29, '30. Her ambition is to be an active lady at 100. She is fit for being an actress.

WILLIAM JENSEN

"Jeff"

Soccer '28, '29, '30; Hi-Y 30; Traffic '30; Baseball '30. His hobby is playing baseball, and he is famous for his undefeated soccer team. "Speech is great, but silence is greater."

RUTH JOHNSON

"A child of our grandmother Eve, a female. or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman."

ARVI JULKKA

Cross Country '30; Band '30. His hobby is playing the sax. He is fit to become a jazz band leader.

HAZEL KEITH

"Scotty"

Candy Girl '29, '30; Refreshment Committee Hallowe'en Dance '30; Q-B Club '29, '30; Secretary of Spanish Club '30; Senior Dramatics '30; Basketball '30; Bowling '29; Traffic '30. Her hobby is boys' basketball.

DOROTHY KOELLER

"Dot"

Glee Club '27, '28, '29, '30; Operetta '27, '28, '29; English Club '30; Spanish Club '30; Field Hockey '30; Class Day Committee '30. She wants to make a world cruise in a sailboat.

ESTHER KOSKI

"Ski"

Big Sister Club '30; English Club '30. She is fit for social working in the slums of Squantum. Her thoughts and her conduct are her own.

ESTHER KRASNIGER

"Ladda"

Traffic '30; English Club '30. Her hobby is swimming, and she wants to become a famous skater.

EVELYN KUHLBERG

"Ev"

Golden Rod Homeroom Agent '29; Big Sister Club '28, '29. Her hobby is tormenting "Dot" Koeller. "What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

MARGARET LAHEY

"Margie"

English Club '30; Library Staff '29, '30. She is famous for Miriam and fit for a debater.

"Politeness costs nothing and gains everything."

ESTHER LEPPALA

"Es"

Big Sister Club '30; Secretary-Treasurer Q-B Club '30. She is famous for keeping quiet, and her hobby is reading books.

"Never a trouble, never a frown."

ALBERT LINTS

"Runty"

Traffic '30; Band '29, '30. His hobby is music. He is famous for his pep, and he would make a good boxer.

"Hold the fort, I'm coming."

DOROTHY McCARTHY

"Dot"

Basketball '29, '30; Captain '30; Track; Baseball; Bowling '30; Tennis '28, '29, '30; Field Hockey, '29; Decoration Committee '30; Leaders' Club '29; Traffic '29, '30.

"I have a heart with room for every boy."

HUGH McCORMICK

"Hughie"

His hobby is reading, and he is famous for his silence. He really ought to become a drugstore cowboy.

"Deeds, not words."

MARCELLA McDONALD

"Marcy"

Basketball '29, '30; Hockey '30; Bowling '29; Orchestra '29, '30; Candy Girl '29, '30; Traffic '28, '30; Representative to Hi-Y '30; Marshal '30; Q-B Club '30.

"Blushing is a virtue which few modern girls possess."

DONALD McMULKIN

"Mac"

Track '30; Football '28, '29; Basketball '28, '29; Indoor Track '29, '30; Hi-Y, Traffic '30; Marshal '30. His hobby is driving a speeding car; he ought to be a race car tester.

ALICE MacPHERSON

"Al"

Decorating Committee '29; Homeroom Agent '28, '29. She is famous for her good looks, and is fit for artist modeling.

"Small, oh, yes, but sweet."

BLANCHE MAGNANT

"Jackie"

She is famous for her quietness, and wants to be a secretary. Her ambition is to go to every dance.

"To woman, silence is the best ornament."

WALTER MAIBACH

"Uncle"

Cafeteria Marshal '30; Traffic '30; English Club '30; Spanish Club '30. His ambition is to become an undertaker. He is famous for impersonating Henry Burbig.

"There are not many more like him."

ALEX. MAXWELL

"Scotty"

Traffic '30.

"What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while."

ALFRED MUNROE

"Al"

Glee Club '27, '28; Senior Dramatics Picture Committee; Traffic '30. He is famous for being the best-dressed boy in the class.

"Another reason why good girls leave home."

MARY ROBERTSON MORLEY

Big Sister Club '29, '30; Bowling '29. Her ambition is to drive an automobile a hundred miles an hour. Her homework is the envy of every student and her intelligent comments the joy of every harassed teacher.

JAMES MORRIS

"Jimmie"

Football '29, '30.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

MIRIAM MORRISON

"Mim"

Library Staff '29, '30; English Club '29, '30; Big Sister Club '30; Invitations for Senior Reception and Hallowe'en Dance '30. A frequent invader of Miss Harrison's office.

JAMES MUIR

"Jim"

Gamma Sigma. His ambition is to own a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. He is famous for his brains.

"It must run in the family."

EUGENE NATTIE
"Dippy"
Student Council '30; Football '28, '29, '30; Traffic '30; Hi-Y. He is famous for his wisecracks and his ambition is fast parties.

ANNA NIGRO
"Ann"
Her hobby is dancing, and she is famous for being agreeable. She ought to become a private secretary. "Good nature is an asset."

JANET NIMMO
"Jan"
Spanish Club '30; Q-B Club '29, '30; Treasurer '30; Big Sister Club; Representative to Hi-Y. She is famous for writing the words to the class song, and should become a nurse.

WILLIAM OLSSON
"Ole"
Soccer '30; Glee Club '30. He is famous for asking questions, and his hobby is autos. He is fit to become a public accountant.

ROBERT OWENS
"Bob"
Baseball '29, '30; Class Football '30; Traffic '30. He is famous for his looks and his hobby is doing anything exciting.
"Casey at the bat."

FLORENCE PHILLIPS
"Flossie"
Leaders' Club '29; Track '30. She is famous for her good nature, and is fit for a housewife. Her hobby is Marjorie.

LAWSON PINKHAM
"Larry"
Senior Class Football; Hi-Y. He ought to become an artist. His hobby is old Fords, and he is famous for his slow actions.

LOIS PINKHAM
"Loie"
President Big Sister Club '30; Refreshment Committee, Senior Reception, Christmas Dance '30. She is famous for her pleasing personality, and should become a girls' dean.
"All the world loves a lover."

MILDRED PLATNER

"Millie"

Student Advisory Council '29; Banquet Committee '31. Her hobby is swimming, and she is famous for her popularity. She is fit for a good dancer.

HELENE POLAND

"Helen"

Golden Rod Play '28; Decorating Committee, Spring Dance '29; 'Xmas Dance '29; Hallowe'en Dance '30; Senior Reception '31; Field Hockey '29; Traffic '29, '30; Basketball '29; Senior Dramatics '30; Swimming '29. Her hobby is college boys, and she is famous for her clothes.

AMERICO RISIO

Traffic '30. His hobby is bookkeeping, and he is famous for keeping quiet. He is fit for a bank accountant.

BIANCHA RISIO

"Bee"

She should become a bookkeeper at the Fore River Plant. Her hobby is going to the movies, and she is famous for her silence.

DORIS RIZZI

"Dizzy"

Quincy - Bridgewater Club '28, '29; Big Sister Club '30. Dot is famous for her smile, and is fit for someone cheerful.

"And then she danced:
O heavens! how she danced!"

FRANCIS ROUGVIE

"Brod"

Student Council '29; Athletic Council '28, '29; Football, '28, '29, '30; Senior Supervisor '30; Golden Rod Agent '29; Interclass Basketball '28; Basketball '29.

"Learning by study must be done."

MARY SALORIO

Her hobby is studying, and she is famous for her good clothes. She ought to become an actress.

"I know a maiden fair to see."

EVA SALVUCCI

"Eve"

She is famous for her domestic inclination and her hobby is washing dishes (?). She is fit for a nurse.

"The right hand of good fellowship."

DORIS SHARLIT
"Dotty"
Library Staff '28, '29, '30; Class Song Committee; Joke Editor of Golden Rod; Class Day; Candy Girl '29. Her hobby is wearing large bows and she is famous for flying. Her ambition is a transcontinental flight.

DOROTHY SHARKEY
"Jack"
Orchestra '28; Hockey '28, '29; Tennis, Basketball, Track '29, '30; Baseball; Leaders' Club; Athletic Council. Her hobby is skating, and she wants to become a nurse.
"Lady, be good."

WARREN SILLEN
"Silly"
Class Treasurer; Band '28, '29; Glee Club '30; Assistant Football Manager '28; Traffic '30; Senior Dramatics '30. He is famous for being water-boy and he wants to be a bench warmer for Notre Dame.

EDNA SKINNER
"Ed"
Thalia Club; Big Sister Club; English Club; Glee Club Manager '30; Operetta '30; Marshal '30; Library Staff; Hi-Y Delegate '30. Her hobby is "Frank."

HAROLD SLATE
"Slatey"
President of Feb. '31 Class; Traffic; Secretary Debating Club '30; Class Picture Committee. His hobby is dashing to the office and he is fit for a business head. He is famous for being Class President.
"The word 'impossible' is not in his dictionary."

FREDERICK SMALLMAN
"Fred"
Traffic '28, '29, '30; Usher '28, '29, '30. He wants to be an aviator, but he ought to be a minister.
"The young man that blushes is not quite a brute."

DOUGLAS SMEATON
"Doug"
Track '30; Cross Country '30; Traffic '30. His hobby is avoiding the girls, and he is the famous class chaperon. Doug is fit for the Olympics.

DOROTHY SMITH
"Dot"
Basketball '28, '29; Baseball '28, '29, '30; Traffic '30; Field Hockey '29, '30; Track '29, '30; Decoration Committee; Candy Girl '30; Leaders' Club; Tennis
"First impressions aren't always lasting."

ELLENA SMITH
"El"
Candy Girl '28, '29. Her hobby is dancing, and she wants to become a nurse.
"My heart is as true as steel."

HELEN SNYDER
Ketchup"
English Club, Library Staff, Traffic, Executive Committee, Big Sister Club, Refreshment Committee, Candy Girl, Senior Dramatics, Senior Reception Committee. She is famous for that disgusted look, and wants to be a nurse.

DORIS STENBERG
"Dud"
Big Sister Club '30. Her hobby is trying to get something by her teachers.
"Those move easiest who have learned to dance."

LOUISE STEVENS
"Lou"
Her ambition is to be an actress and play at the Merchant Theatre. Her hobby is dancing.
"A girl, light-hearted and content."

MARION SULLIVAN
"Sully"
Her aim in life is to win a sleeping endurance contest.
"Then did she lift her hands
unto his chin,
And praised the pretty
dimpling of his skin."

WARREN SUNDSTROM
"Swede"
Traffic '30; Golden Rod Agent '30. His aim in life is to drive as fast and as reckless as Don MacMulkin. He is a famous scholar —so was Cæsar.

LILLIAN SWARTZ
"Tillie"
Library Staff '29. Her hobby is dancing, and she is famous for Sadie.
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

HAZEL TAYLOR
Her hobby is playing a piano, and she is fit to become a musician. She wants to be someone's stenographer.

HERBERT THOMAS
"Fat"
Traffic '28, '29, '30; Graduation Usher '28, '29, '30; Senior Dramatics Usher '28, '29, '30. His hobby is doing math, and his ambition is to get a steady job at the Old Howard.

MELVIN THORNER
"Mel"
Traffic '30; Class Song Committee; Track '28; English Club '29; Orchestra '28; Debating Club '30. His hobby is argumentation and his big aim in life is to find Webster wrong.

HELEN TINSON
Her hobby is swimming, and she is famous for her pulchritude.
"O lady, nobility is thine, and thy form is the reflection of thy nature."

ROBERT TISDALE
"Bob"
His hobby is trying to tease Miss Zellar; but better than he have tried.
"What more is meant than meets the ear?"

JOHN TRAVIS
"Johnnie"
Senior Class Football '31; Hi-Y. He is famous for his many chariots, and his ambition is to have one of them run five minutes. His hobby is Germaine.

RUTH URQUHART
"Karts"
Golden Rod Agent '28, '29; Big Sister Club '30; English Club '30; Leaders' Club '29; Senior Dramatics Committee; Senior Reception Refreshment Committee. Her hobby is swimming, and she wants to be the private secretary of a rich man.

EVELYN WALLIN
"Evy"
Treasurer of Cafeteria '30, 31. Her hobby is reading books, and she wants to become president of the Quincy Trust Company.

VIRGINIA WATTS
"Ginnie"
She wants to become a member of Flo Zeigfield's shows and she really should see him.
"With a smile on her lips."

BURTON WHITMAN
"Burt"
Debating Club '28, '29; Vice-President '30; Editor-in-Chief Golden Rod; Chairman Class Pin and Ring Committee. His hobby is chasing the little birdies. He wants to become a doctor: he is fit for the minister's daughter.

EDWIN WILLIAMS
"Eddie"
Traffic '30. His hobby is airplanes, and his ambition is to become an aviator. "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts."

ROBERT BALLARD
"Baron"
Football '28; Senior Class Day Committee '30; Interclass Basketball '28, '29. He is famous for the C. M. T. C. Bob is fit for a generalissimo in a Latin-American country.

FRANK YOUNG
"Youngo"
Football '28, '29, '30. He wants to be a sailor; but if Hollywood ever saw him, Wallace Beery would lose a job.

WILFRED WINSHIP
"Fou"
His hobby is trying to make biology drawings. Willy is famous for being the only boy on the highest honor roll in November.

SADYE WYMAN
"Sally"
Thalia Club '29, '30; Library Staff '28, '29. She is famous for her shadow, "Tillie," and her hobby is dancing all night.

MILLICENT LEWIS
"Millie"
Someone thinks that she is fit for a farmer's wife. She is famous for being quiet. "Still waters run deep."

Who's Who in the Class of February 1931

Who is the most popular girl? Ruby Dakers.
Who is the most popular fellow? Walter Bassett.
Who is the prettiest girl? Sally Bradford.
Who is the wittiest? John Travis.
Who is the class grind? Betty Hughes.
Who is the class athlete? William Jensen.
Who is the class flirt? Ruby Dakers.
Who is the class comedian? Eugene Nattie.
Who is the most popular with the girls? Alfred Monroe.
Who is the class book-worm? Melvin Thorner.
Who is the most dependable? Harold Slate.
Who holds the highest position? Charles Canavan.
Who holds the lowest position? Albert Lints.
Who is the class musician? Charles Ganzel.
Who is the best natured? John Gelas.
Who is the most bashful? Douglas Smeaton.
Who are the most generous? William Baker and Dorothy Bedford.
Who is the most carefree? Francis George.
Who is the class boss? Harold Slate.
Who is the heart-breaker? Donald MacMulkin.
Who is never in a hurry? John Anderson.
Who is always in a hurry? Alice MacPherson.
Who is the class actor? Warren Sillen.
Who is the class actress? Hazel Keith.
Who loves the air? Doris Sharlit.
Who blushes the most? Helen Poland.
Who always does his homework? Edwin Williams.
Who is the class talkie? Warren Sundstrom.
Who is the class baby? Melvin Thorner.
Who is the best dressed? Alfred Monroe.
Who is the most reckless driver? Donald MacMulkin.
Who is the most sarcastic? Roland Cooper.
Who is always late? Patricia Craig.
Who is the class singer? Edna Skinner.
Who is the laziest? John Franklin.
Who is the woman hater? James Morris.
Who is the class uncle? Walter Maibach.
Who is the class jester? John Gelas.
Who hates to leave? Walter Bassett.
Who is the class brute? Francis Rougvie.
Who has the best drag? Doris Sharlit.
Who is the class pest? Roy Leander.
Who is the class artist? Fred George.
Who is the "bad boy from the good home"? John Franklin.
Who is the most innocent? Phyllis Derby.
Who is always right? Janet Hemingway.
Who loves nature? Burton Whitman.
Who is small but nice? Alice MacPherson.
Who are the cigarette fans? Sydney Fox and Ruby Dakers.
Who is always late to class? John Anderson.
Who is the 8.14½ pupil? Kathleen Hofferty.

An Answer to "Happy Insensibility," by John Keats

Helen Souden, F.'32

Oh, bard, that thou shouldst harbor such a thought,
That winter casts oblivion on the spring!
When summers blissful, golden hours fraught
With love are flown on winter's icy wing,
Wouldst thou deny the trees and frozen stream,
Stripped of their glory, desolate, forlorn,
The sweet remembrance of a long past dream
That nurtures hope that it may be reborn?
What thinkst thou keeps alive those bare, gaunt trees
Which late did move thy heart with holy truth,
If lost is even sweet pain of memories
And age is unhaunted by the ghost of youth?
And where lives there the man who would not bear
The momentary pain that follows joy,
To carry with him through his years of care
The misty image of himself, a boy?
Age is itself a barren interlude,
Yet mingled in remembered ecstasy
And softened by the days of solitude
Man's winter may his richest season be.

What Would Happen If?

Eugene was Battie instead of Nattie?
Phyllis was a Cap instead of a Derby?
William was a Butcher instead of a Baker?
Al Monroe was a woman hater?
Dorothy was a Walker instead of an Ambler?
John was a Ford instead of a Franklin?
Mary Morley became a flirt?
Doris was Dizzy instead of Rizzi?
Sydney was a Wolf instead of a Fox?
Don MacMulkin became bashful?
Lois became a Greenham instead of a Pinkham.
Pearl was a Ruby instead of a Diamond?
Frank was Old instead of Young?
Bob Ballard lost his smile?
Edna was Fatter instead of Skinner?
Evelyn was an Iceberg instead of a Kuhlberg?
Harold Slate had nothing to do?
Norman was a Singer instead of a Barker?
Maybelle was a waitress instead of a Cook?
Roland Cooper didn't have a snappy comeback?
Helen was Brazen instead of Coy?
Burt was a Coalman instead of a Whitman?
Albert Lints grew up?
Hazel was a Seamstress insetad of a Taylor?
Jerry was an Old-Maid instead of a Batchelder?
Walter was a Your-back instead of a Miabach?
Mr. G. Stuart Donnan became a ladies' man?
Muriel was a Box instead of a Cox?
Thelma was a Dumpcan instead of a Duncan?
Fred was a John instead of a George?
Ruby Dakers lost her rouge and lipstick?
Helen was a Goose instead of a Drake?
Rebecca was a Badgirl instead of a Goodman?
"Swede" Sundstrom wasn't with "Dippy" Nattie?
Janet was a Milky-way instead of a Hemingway?
Dorothy was a Tunney instead of a Sharkey?
Eddie Williams didn't do his homework?
Hazel was a Metropolitan instead of a Keith?
Helen was Finland instead of Poland?
Bill Jensen broke his leg during the soccer season?
Catherine was a Patrick's son instead of an Erickson?
Harold was a Blackboard instead of a Slate?
Mirriam Morrison didn't blush?
Betty Hughes and Marguerite Haake flunked?
Fred was a Bigman instead of a Smallman?
Robert was a Play instead of a Ballard?
Francis George wasn't carefree?
Walter Bassett should graduate?
Kathleen Hofferty developed a grouch?

MARCELLA MCDONALD, F.'31.
MURIEL COX, F.'31.

We'll Have One of Those

Mr. Knapton: "A confirmed Atheist is a person who refuses to believe in God."

H. Slate (Shame Harold): "One of my best friends is one."

Mr. Knapton: "One what?"

H. Slate: "What you just said, an infirm Ethiopian."

World's Most Pitiful Case

A bull with red eyes.

February 1931---Class Will

Roland Cooper, F.'31.

BE IT REMEMBERED that we, the February, 1931, Class of the Senior High School of Quincy, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

To Mr. Knapton, two feet of additional growth so that he need not further be designated as "Hey You!" by traffic officers who think that he is just another student.

To Miss Rizzi, a pair of high-geared roller skates, to do away with that funeral pace so painfully associated for us with a journey to the inner shrine, colloquially known as the "Lion's Den," Mr. Collins' office.

To Mr. Wilson, one of these here new multiple pens, capable of signing eight late slips at one time; also his pick of any two of the girls who help Miss Coulman, to be used as professional bloodhounds for tracking down period-skippers, detention-slippers, and people guilty of other heinous crimes.

To Mr. LeCain, our honored and respected physical culture expert, three low senior classes, which all together will attempt to take the place of the graduating sixth period Monday division, which contained such celebrities as Don MacMulkin, Al Monroe, Walter Maibach, and Jimmy Muir.

To Mr. Collins an electrical sound attachment which automatically, as the office door is opened, will boom in an unforgetable bass, "Well, Sonny, what's the trouble now?" thus putting each pupil at his ease immediately.

To Miss Crockett, a trust fund for a perpetual supply of big, rosy apples upon which she may nibble during the day, on provision that she take one apple at a time.

To Mr. Thomas, a jar of very sticky glue in good working order so that the next pupil who places his mouth over a jet to blow out the gas lines may receive a mild surprise and spend five or ten minutes imagining his own embarrassment.

To Mr. Bridges, a real dummy, differing slightly from the variety which he usually teaches, upon which he may vent his anger, pleasure, and grief, which emotions he so splendidly portrays.

To Mr. Albro, a pair of smoked glasses to deflect the dazzling beams from bright-eyed senior co-eds who still have hope.

To Mr. Cutler, a slow-motion picture of that famous gesture of his, accompanied by appropriate facial contortions, *as* he gently wafts a pupil to his seat.

To Miss Howe, the addresses of four of the chorus of the Follies Bergeres, to stimulate in classes a little interest in French correspondence. Also an interview with David Belasco in order that he may place a histrionic value on that hopeless shrug of her shoulders as she says, "Well, it just goes to show you what not paying attention will do. We just had this not three months ago, and you don't remember it now."

To Miss Thompson, eighteen votes in a popularity contest to elect a speed vigilante for Podunk Center, and a baby Austin to patrol the corridors.

To Miss Dawes, the suggestion that each pupil receive a reduction of one point from outside reading credits for each week that his request has been sent in in advance of the date when the work is due. Thus, by *merely declaring his good intentions* five weeks ahead of time,

he will be made exempt from that most unforgivable of assignments.

To the Warrens Sundstrom and Sillen, Eddie Williams, and Eugene Nattie, those diligent pursuers of a technical education, a contract for four bridges of the kind which are crossed before being come to.

To the statue of the Discus Thrower in the auditorium a good old Roman toga knitted and tatted by no less worthy hands than those of Evelyn Findlay and Ruby Dakers, in order that he may be warm and comfortable standing there in his corner.

To the Pony, twenty venerable rocking chairs in which heartworn, impatient lovers may await their other halves with comparative comfort.

(We also hereby order Mr. Wilson to leave the pennies which he collects from the Indian's palms in a strong box to be delivered at the end of each month to the Salvation Army Headquarters on Granite Street.)

To the cafeteria, five years' accrued dividends on Harold Slate's holdings of American Tobacco Pfd., on condition that the cafeteria reduce the price of ice-cream from six to five cents. Coming as it does in a time of so-called business depression, we believe this to be one of the most promising bits of economic encouragment yet encountered in the year 1931.

To the trustees of the school, a sum of money (we do not care to make the amount public) sufficient to convert the auditorium into a miniature golf links to be open only during the three daily lunch periods. This device will greatly aid in relieving congestion in the cafeteria, or the undersigned hereby lose their guess.

* * * *

To the members of the New Traffic Squad, an address by James H. (Two Gun) Baker on the worth and high esteem of a traffic officer, to give them some needed *savior faire* and nonchalance in place of the sheepish grins and scared expressions which now occupy their childish faces.

To the Big Sister Club, a signed order to Santy requesting a bouncing baby brother organization to be known as "The Big Sisters' Little Brothers' Club."

To the Football team that beats Brockton, a complimentary ten cent ticket to the Merchant Theatre for each and every member of the team.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hands and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will this fifth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one.

The Class of February, 1931.

On this fourteenth day of January, A.D., 1931, the class of February, 1931, of Quincy, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last will: and thereafter as witnesses thereof we three, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

Will Rogers.
Marie Dressler.
Oliver B. Garrett.

AN ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR

1) Bought a new car because he forgot where he parked his old one.

2) Fell overboard and forgot he could swim.

3) Held an egg in his hand and boiled his watch.

Geometry Prof: "John, prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides."

John: "Let's not waste time, professor; let's admit it."

Teacher: "John, tell me about the Mongolian race."

John: "I wasn't there; I went to the ball game instead."

English teacher: "Name the different ages."

Stude: "Stone Age, Bronze Age,—er—"

Glib Stude: "Old Age."

School Calendar

September

4 1,970 pupils registered.

10 J. '31 class elected five members to the Student Council.

11 Dorothy Pratt was elected Student Council President.

23 Big Sister Club held its semi-annual mixer party.

October

7 475 pupils were absent to view the American Legion parade.
Most of the men teachers took part in this parade.

17 Herman Smith, Paramount color expert, delivered a lecture on "Colors."

21 Thalia Club initiation.

22 J. '31 Golden Rod staff elected.

24 Alice Savage elected President of the Thalia Club.

31 Hallowe'en Dance was successfully held.
"Beat Brockton" pins were sold to obtain funds for athletic sweaters.

November

5 Mary DiBartolomeo elected President of Q. B. Club.

10 Over 200 loyal pupils visited Augusta, Maine.

12 Golden Rod staffs held a bridge party.

18 Student Council adopted a permanent constitution.

24 Golden Rod issued.

25 English Club presented Booth Tarkington's "Station YYYY."

26 Thanksgiving vacation started. Thanksgiving banquet and installation of officers.

December

8 Lost and Found Department was opened.

9 Debating Club presented a debate for the English Club.

10 Soccer assembly.

11 Student Council conducted an athletic canvass.

12 Senior Dramatics was a "laughing" success.

17 Student Council conducted an inter-school conference.

17 Big Sister Club Christmas Party.

23 Christmas assembly.

23 Thalia Club reunion.

January

14 Senior Banquet, Class Day, Reception.

21 Graduation.

How do you do, friends! I'm the newly born GOLDEN ROD News column. The baby of the magazine! Created that I might tell what I see, I take up the task.

* * * *

I understand that on December 17 Santa Claus visited the Big Sister Club. The Big Sisters were hoping for a handsome big brother, no doubt. Any candidates?

* * * *

That school conference, also held on the 17th, was a forward step in student government.

* * * *

I wandered into the Debating Club on Thursday the seventh period. A group of promising young debaters! They promise, but never debate.

* * * *

Sherman was right,—yet a run around the school for gym class is worse than war.

* * * *

Miss Helene Poland took on many years, for Senior Dramatics, but it was left for Cliff Taber to do the taking off.

* * * *

Ah, these Boy Scout calendars! Personally I'd like to see Frank Bridges in Boy Scout shorts.

* * * *

That athletic ticket referendum was all right in purpose, but such results! Have we no Scotsmen?

The news staff continues to carry on with Miss Agnes Raycroft administering the smelling salts.

* * * *

Off with the old and on with the new —traffic squads.

* * * *

The news staff asks George Maitland of Senior Dramatics where he learned to osculate. Where did *that* word come from?

* * * *

Give me C's or give me B's,
But please, oh teacher, not the E's.

* * * *

Bye, Bye, Seniors! And don't forget you'll have to buy your own alarm clock from now on!

* * * *

That English Club debate sponsored by the Debating Club sounded like a politician's last stand.

* * * *

Now that elections are over, the politician's hymn will be silenced. I heard many a politician sing, "Come all ye faithful," on election day.

* * * *

The Thalia Club held a Reunion on December 23. Miss Alice Savage did the chief engineering.

* * * *

As Cal Coolidge would say, "This is winter." And incidentally I hear that necking parties have undergone a depression. S'too cold!

THE PARAKEET SAYS

The English Club says, "The Whole Town's Talking." I suspect and hope the whole school's talking about the club's coming play.

* * * *

No siree, that was not a "pork-barrel" Tabor had,—it was a fish barrel.

* * * *

Did you attend the Christmas dance? A case of too much "clique." Cheer up! Spring's coming!

* * * *

Masefield made a mistake; that poem should read, "I must get up to the C's again." At least, report cards read that way.

* * * *

Poor Hazel Keith,—her mother named her Miss Hazel, but she was only Miss Helen to a certain class prexy.

* * * *

Psst-whispers Sully Soph, a friend of mine, did you know that a new secret fraternity has been organized,—the "Milk Bottle Cappers"?

* * * *

That art gallery in Room 100 looked like the photographs of the reunion of the class of '99.

* * * *

The J. '30 class, hardly out six months, just had to have a reunion. Incidentally, it looked like a convention of market men.

* * * *

The first issue of the new Golden Rod was well received and appreciated by the majority of the pupils. Many of the home room agents were succcessful in getting more than 100 percent subscriptions.

* * * *

Many of us fail to realize the talent that is possessed by our fellow students until we attend a high school entertainment. I refer to the English Club play, and mention, as outstanding, Clifton Taber and Bernice Hipson.

The Debating Club meeting on December 4 developed into an informal discussion of everything in general. Ted Darrah was supposed to explain "heredity," as Einstein probably would.

* * * *

The Lost and Found department, under Barbara Walsh, was opened for the second year on Monday, December 8. We wish you could see some of the queer things that this department handles.

* * * *

On December 9 the English Club heard four members of the Debating Club present a debate on, "Resolved, That Radio is Detrimental to American Culture." Hugh Hunter and Ross-Patten, of the negative side, were successful in winning from Harold Slate and Melvin Thorner.

* * * *

The high school bulletin board has been rather attractive during the past season. The posting of personals by pupils has made it more interesting to all. Most of these personals have been in the form of "wise cracks."

* * * *

If Charles Canavan had dropped that tray in the cafeteria, a huge yell would have gone up. It was probably the presence of our "sweet hearts" that kept us from letting loose.

* * * *

Supposing Clifton had forgotten to catch Betty. Oh! Oh!

* * * *

What would have happened if that barrel had come apart? Tabor was embarrassed as it was.

* * * *

Harold Slate, the stage manager, was thought to have been blown away by the explosion. It was all right, however, because everybody had forgotten that he was prompting from the fire-place.

We wonder whether that $1.00 the seniors are paying to have their picture in the GOLDEN ROD is to be considered as their "face value"!

* * * *

Santa Claus certainly visited our school on the 23rd and distributed over two thousand apples.

* * * *

It was great to see the fellows and girls decorating the school at Christmas time. The girls actually bossed the fellows around, who in their fear (?) obeyed.

* * * *

What a life-saver the Christmas vacation was. Most of us were "dead" tired from the nervous strain which comes from studying.

* * * *

The Japanese decorations were put up the day of the senior reception. This, we believe, sets a new record for decorating the gym.

* * * *

We hope the razor will slip some morning and take that ever present shadow from Stephen Follett's upper lip.

* * * *

Teachers have had some bad luck this fall in the way of sickness. It may be too bad for the teacher, but the pupils don't seem to be crying.

* * * *

Every Debating Club meeting has ended in a heated discussion. At one meeting a motion was made to admit girls to the meetings to stimulate interest, but Mr. Theodore Darrah (believe it or not) was against it. The motion was defeated.

* * * *

Over one hundred pupils suggested, on the Athletic Canvass slips, that free admission be permitted for all home games. Good business men for the coming ages!

Maybe, if all the pupils could attend one of our GOLDEN ROD staff meetings, they would appreciate this magazine better. I warn you to bring an extra lunch if you don't want to starve.

* * * *

Well, well, well, we've reached the finale of the premier appearance of this column. I've started on a journey, but I have the assurance of appearing before you two more times. My advice to you is: "Get your March issue soon," and until then, "Study hard, smile if you can, and keep your cough medicine ready."

* * * *

We sometimes wonder why managers and assistants, for a school affair, don't go crazy. Every possible question about the affair is asked and if poor seats are drawn for a play, they get bawled out and never hear the end of it.

* * * *

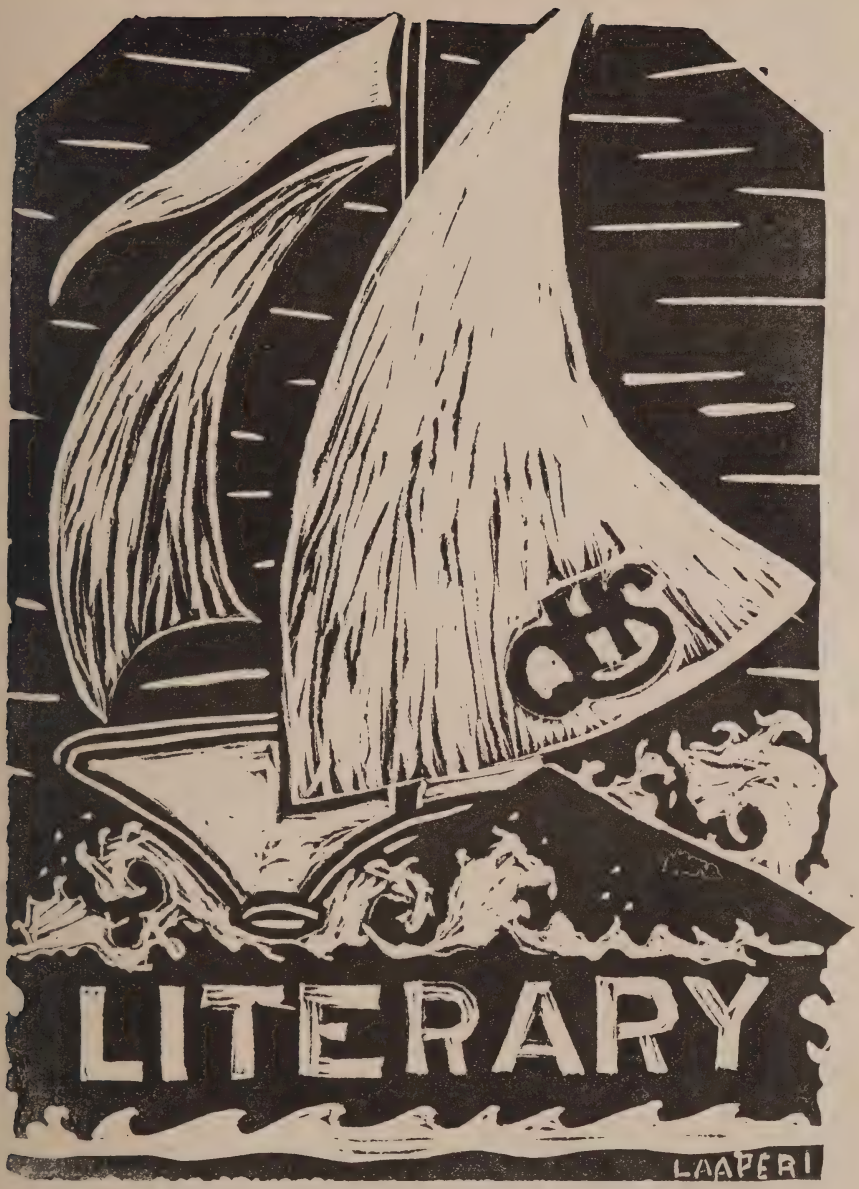
A statement was printed saying that no pupil was to give presents to any teacher. What great big student would?

* * * *

Impressions

LUIS PARAGALLO, F.'33

An autumn evening—
Crispness—exhilaration—quickening the blood
Like an old wine . . .
The pungent odor of burning leaves . . .
Smoke rising in a straight, blue pencil
Merging with the deeper blue of the dying sky . . .
At the bases of the faintly wavering columns—
The steady glow of the fire's heart—
Warm orange smudges in the smoky blue haze . . .
The gaunt skeletons of the trees outstretched
Arms already palely edged by the curled shaving of
Gold hanging at the edge of the inverted
Bowl of the shadowing sky . . .
A vagrant breeze—still hinting the breath of a
Dead summer whirls and eddies the leaves'
Dead husks . . .
O world of ours—is it not strange that
All thy loveliness—
All thy pathos—
All thy very essence and feeling that fills
Vibrating space—should be thus compressed into
One perfect night?


LITERARY
LAAPERI

Capt'n Gemmel's Sea Yarn

Dorothy Koeller, F. '31

LITTLE heat waves crinkled skyward from the lazy, decrepit brown pier, and the water below lapped softly against the green, slimy posts.

Capt'n Gemmel, sea-flushed, stout, white-whiskered, and a little tottery, braced himself against the stubby post at the end of the pier. A rare phenomenon he was, as he leisurely puffed away at his fancily carved Danzig pipe.

"You have a beautiful schooner, Cap'n Gemmel. Was it built in this country?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir, but I tell you how I came by it.

"Vas long time ago, maybe ten years. Haff you effer hear of der name Dowd? No? Vall, for fifteen year I vas captain by der 'Dorchen,' vas owned at her time by Villiam Dowd. Und ve vas goot friends. He had pile off money you know, but he vas tight, espetchial wid his brodder who vas poor as—as vall, 'churchmize,' you call it? Vas a sneaky slick one, dot brodder. Vall, as it happened, Villiam died suddenly, und his brodder took efferyting ofer, in espetchial, der 'Dorchen.'

"Den he sait by me, 'Capt'n Gemmel, your day iss ofer. I dismiss you und der old crew!'

"I tried to explain vot his brodder sait about der life yobs for us all, but he sait, 'Der brodder iss deat; der boat is mine.'

"But," continued the Capt'n, arching his shaggy eyebrow, "Vass queer ting,—neffer did he look you in der eye, und alvays act a terrible nervous life, he dit.

"Two days later ven he vas going to take a cruise to der Vermudas, he couldt find no new crew, so as der old vons vouldn't lefe, he had to take dem. I vas foxy oldt guy! I hide in der storage room. I tink he vas too mooch a sneak!"

"Do you think he might have been connected in some way with the murder of his brother?" I inquired with much interest.

"Ah, you iss a bright von, eh?" the captain smiled. "Yust you haff some patience und ve see vot happened.

"Vall, off her coast of Nort Carolina a big storm come up. Badt, oh boy, it vas! Dot Dowd fellow didn't know I vas aboard, off course, but he vas no sailor. Jorgenson sait dot ven he vent to hiss room to ask for orders, he was vat you call reel green in der face. But not seasick all to-gether. Vas yellow as a dirty low-down dork! Gott, if he vasn't!" Capt'n Gemmel waved his pipe in a fierce gesture.

"Jorgenson sait he neffer giff vone order, yust sat der wit hiss face by his hands, und giff looks at der floor. But neffer haff I see such a storm! Der boat, she lurched und yumped, almosd she turn clear ofver!

"I could not standt it no longer. I gets up und says to Jorgenson, 'I haff a plan! Some von hass to giff her orders und he dond know noddings. I giff him

a chance to do sometings to see if he iss a yellow dork to der bone!'

"'Come here, Karl! You haff hear vat I say off Dowd, eh? Vall, you go to his room, tell him dot Kelly up on deck hass kill his brodder!' Den I sait, 'You tell him to go up dere unt tend to der affair! Tell him wid excitement! Ve vatch und see vot happens!'

"Sir, I didn't like to do it, but I vas sure he hadt kill his brodder you know, der vay Jorgenson sait he giff such looks at der floor und say noddings. Somevone hass to giff orders und command her schooner or she dond go right."

"Well, Capt'n Gemmel, what happened?"

"Vot didn't happen, you mean! All off a sutten dot Dowd fellow came on der run into der galley vere I vas standing. He screamed vay up high in his throat, crazy-like!

"'I dond vont to see blood,' he cried, den he vave his arms, vild-like und sait, 'My brodder's blood! I see it on her floor!' He looked at der floor so hardt I tink his eyes fall oudt, den he turn unt climb up der hatch. Ve came up after him to see if he really vasn't yellow. Der vind und rain was so hardt, ve hadt to hold onto der brass fittings. But here iss vot happened:

"All of a sutten, he giff a yell: 'I killtd him; I killt him! But you dond get me; I take an easier death!'

"Und before ve could catch him, he yumped offerboard into der black vatter. Den ve see him no more. Vone sveep of a vave unt he was gone. So nobody claims der boat, und it iss mine now."

"Thank you so much, Capt'n, for I always wondered if the 'Dorchen' had some mysterious past." I was delighted.

"Ven you hear yarns like dot, dond beliefe dem, sir," laughed the Captain. "I bought der 'Dorchen' ten years ago in Yermany."

"Meanest Man" Prospect

The guy who catches a cold from a girl and then blames it on to her.

Sing Something Simple

Norma Cook, F.'33

The first bell's rung,
The crowd's begun
To push and pull and shove;
The floors sink in, the walls stick out, the ceiling creaks above.
The teachers and the students push together up the stairs,
As traffic officers yell their orders into the heavy air.

The pupils now in silence sit and watch, and wait, and sigh;
They've sat there hours now, it seems,
But only a minute's passed by;
Then two more pass and another bell rings,—
A pupil forgets and starts to sing,
But the teacher hears with his blooming ears,
And with a voice so terrible, awful, and cruel—
Cries out the words—"Stay after school!"

The last bell rings with a joyous sound,
Pupils make for the doors with triumphant bounds,
The air is heavy with murmurs and shouts
As pupils holler—"School's out! School's out!"
The corridors fill with a smashing throng,
Not one of them missed the last loud gong!

An hour has passed since we saw him last,—
This pupil who stayed while the others passed!
He's still in his seat
Looking ever so meek
As he scrawls on a pad in rows ever so neat—
The following words that his punishment metes—
"I won't sing in school. I won't sing in school."—
At last he lays down the little lead tool,
And he walks to the teacher, hands him the pad,
Is dismissed, takes his books, mutters—"Oh, am I glad!
I'll get home just in time to go skating with Brad!""
And he starts in to sing as he thinks of this thing.
But alas! and alack!
A sound holds him back!
A voice stern and cold through the corridors rings—
"Young man! I just told you in school not to sing!"

Disillusion!

Dick Devlin, J.'33

What a pleasant thorough fare;
All is quiet everywhere.
But hark! from 'round the corner comes
A blare of bugles, a roll of drums;
Men in colored uniforms
Bearing banners, blowing horns,
Shouting and dancing in frenzied glee
As if a hero were there to see;
But look, what's on a banner there,
No hero's name, but Flyn-For-May'r.

Quick Sand

Paul Clancy, J '33

LIKE a meteor I sped for a nearby hedge, with that devilish fiend a scant six paces behind me. Then it was that the real meaning of fear was everlastingly impressed upon me.

Without a weapon of any sort that could cope with the blood-stained cleaver that the wild Malay in my rear was brandishing, a sickening fright lent wild wings to my flying heels. Over ditches, hedges, through bogs and infested swamps, and razor grass six feet high that cut my hurtling body like a knife, I fled like a frightened deer, and with this fanatical, blood-crazed demon gaining by inches.

My lacerated body was covered with perspiration and flicks of blood; my breath was coming shorter, and in sobbing pants. A hasty glance backward revealed that my pursuer had sheathed his bolo, and was now focusing all his attention on my flying heels. For the barracks was a scant half mile away now, but I knew that I would never reach it. A narrow stream, measuring perhaps five feet in width, murmured unconcernedly before me. As I swiftly drew near, I gathered my remaining strength and in one convulsive leap I was across and crumpled in a heap exhausted.

I was barely aware of loud splashings and of a frenzied thrashing. I raised my head cautiously, marveling that I was still alive, and there my erstwhile pursuer was floundering up to his thighs in quicksand. Wearily appraising the situation, I worked my body into a restful, but unsightly sprawl and continued to survey my adversary's plight. No thoughts of sympathy for the savage—nor any intention of rescuing him lodged in my whirling brain for an instant. Not that my training in the principles of civilization permitted any enjoyment at the sorry villain's plight. But the conflicting emotions which were mirrored on his demoniacal features did interest me, even in my fatigued state.

The blood lust could still be traced in his smoking black eyes. His lips parted and closed spasmodically and little inarticulate snarls erupted from them. Hate and lust were momentarily displaced and a primitive look of regret replaced them on the Malay's ugly countenance, for no doubt the loss of my, to him, very desirable person, had in turn lost for him an honorable seat at the side of his pagan God. For this fanatical type of Malay believed that for every white man he killed the greater would be the extension of his power in his paradise.

Not until the quick sand rose to his chest did pain register, and then his arms held high above his head, he struggled and screamed anew, but to no avail. That quick sand clutched him firmly in a shiny, gritty vise and even rescue was now impossible.

His breath was coming in horrible, screaming, cutting gasps. His eyes bulged till they seemed on the verge of bursting. Down he went slowly, oh so slowly. His chin was reached, his mouth, his nose, and with a last tortuous, agonized stare in his eyes, he was gone. The whirling shine ceased its ghastly rotating, the nonchalant stream trickled unmusically on, and I, a stony fixture in this goulish pall, listened to the chiding, friendly voice of a brush hawk, emotionless, unmoved.

That is the Question

Miss Crockett: "'White Shadows in the South Seas' deals with the spread of tuberculosis."

Jepson: "Ah! T. B. or not T. B."

Biggest American Tragedy

The fact that you can't see what sort of a face a girl has until she steps into the car.

The Quiet Sail

Being the adventure of two Englishmen with a sailboat.

William Coates, J.'33

It was a jolly Englishman,
And another one beside,
And they had just decided
To go out for a ride.

The one was Bertram Winterfield,
A gentleman by birth,
Quite fond of adventure,
And also fond of mirth.

The other Chauncey Brownington,
A monocle affected.
When he was in the offing,
Folks rarely were dejected.

These two just now were staying
At a small town by the sea,
For they from business worries
Were absolutely free.

As I've said, they'd now decided
To take a little sail;
Though they'd ne'er been on the water,
At nothing would they quail.

They found a place with "Boats for Hire,"
And straightaway rented one.
They hoisted sail with a hearty hail,
And then began the fun.

They sailed from the inner bay
With the bow straight out toward sea.
Quoth Bert, "Thus far our trip
Is satisfactory."

They sailed from the inner bay;
Past the lighthouse now they go.
"I say, old top, how shall we stop?"
Quoth he, "I do not know."

They turned the boat about.
Alas! they could not tack;
Though they held her head to shore,
The wind now blew them back.

They hauled the sail down then
To see if they could stay,
And stop they did. But the sun was hid,
And 'twas near the close of day.

The sun now set, and they got wet,
For it began to rain;
And they were all alone,—alone!
Alone on the raging main.

How they passed that awful night
They alone can tell,
For all night long, in torrents strong,
The rain upon them fell.

They had no food to eat, nor yet
Had they e'en makeshift beds,
They sat upright the livelong night,
No place to lay their heads.

Morn came at last; their eyes they cast
Across the waters deep.
The rain left off as o'er the sea
The sun began to peep.

The wind had veered, at which they cheered,
For now could they reach shore.
With snappy gait, and no more wait,
The wind them inward bore.

When shore they reached, the boat they beached,
These Englishmen, quite drenched.
Then home they went to bed, these two,
Their thirst for sailing quenched.

Song of the Sophomore

Edwin Locke, J.'33

Away!
Away at last
Away from Junior High
Away from confusion
Lunchroom battles
Oyster stew
Shouting traffic cops
With iron voices
Away from traffic jams
With foreign noises—
Away to Senior High!

Away!
Away to Senior High
Away at last
Away to confusion
Lunchroom battles
Oyster stew
Shouting traffic cops
With iron voices
Away to traffic jams
With foreign noises—
Away to—Whoopee!

Unpopular Songs Department

The "Three Little Words" on which the studes place so much significance are "Report at 1.30."

The Wind-Up

Dorothy Ambler, J. '31

(*What has gone before.*)

LARRY O'SHAUNESSY, star pitcher of the Boston Braves, meets and falls in love with Joan Tudor, who claims to be a relative of the Tudors of Beacon Hill. Larry hides his real identity, because of the fear that Joan would not love a ball-player, and poses as Larry Lee, well-to-do son of the Virginia Lees. After pitching his club to the championship of the National League, he returns to Boston. Joan has just invited him to accompany her to the World Series.

. . . . . .

Conclusion

Larry felt his face burning. His skin turned from white to pink, then crimson.

"I'm sorry, Joan," he muttered, "but I have another engagement. I can't possibly. I'm sorry. Terribly sorry."

Joan didn't say anything, but Larry saw the elfish face change color. Darn his unlucky stars! How could he keep Joan from occupying one of those seats? He mustn't—he couldn't let her know who he was.

The first three games were played in Boston. Larry pleaded illness, and successfully avoided Joan.

The next three games were at Philadelphia. Larry pitched one, and won it, easily. The Athletics were, as he told the manager later, "duck soup" to the Great O'Shaunessy. Then the teams returned to Boston, with the series tied, at three games won and lost, with the Great O'Shaunessy scheduled to engage in a mound duel with the Athletics' ace, Jerry Brown.

Larry had resolved himself to defeat. He had been unable to persuade Joan to stay away.

"No," she had protested, "I want to see Brown wind-up, and O'Shaunessy; Larry, you said he has such a clever wind-up. I want to see it."

After that, Larry had given up trying to persuade a woman to do something against her will. It couldn't be done!

He was crossing the diamond on the day of the final game, when the tall, good-looking pitcher who was to oppose him on the mound called him over.

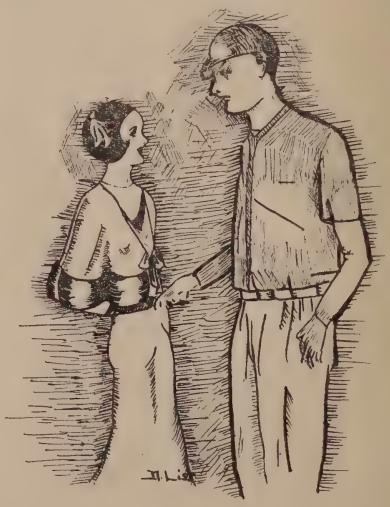
"Larry, I'd like you to meet my sister. Joan, this is Larry O'Shaunessy, my most formidable opponent."

For fully thirty seconds Larry gazed into those soft gray eyes, eyes filled with wonderment, anger, and embarrassment.

Larry bowed, stiffly.

"I believe we have met before." Then he turned and walked away.

The deceitful little snipe! How dared she claim relations with the Tudors of Beacon Hill? Why had he fallen like a sucker for her line? He'd often listened to Jerry sing the praises of his sister, Joan. How could he have known that Jerry's Joan and his Joan were one and the same?



He picked up a ball and threw it viciously across the field. If there was anything he hated it was a deceitful woman! To think that Joan with the soft, gray eyes—could calmly manufacture lies—expert lies! Oh, Larry would admit she was an expert—and he was just a sucker!

Then, suddenly, he remembered his own part in their friendship. Hadn't he claimed relationship with Sumner Lee, of the Virginia Lees? Hadn't he calmly admitted that he was a Harvard graduate, when he had never even set foot on the ground of that honored university, or any other? Hadn't he told her of his family's Newport villa, and a summer home in the Berkshires?

Now, that he remembered, Joan hadn't claimed that she was rich. She'd only intimated the fact. There was a lot of difference! True, she'd said her name was Tudor, but, after all, that was just a joke—on him. Hadn't he said his name was Lee?

Then, something else gave him a headache. Jerry Brown was her brother, and Jerry Brown was pitching against him, this afternoon. What could he do? If he beat Jerry, Joan would be angry. Naturally, she wanted her brother to win. It was his big chance. But, it was up to Larry O'Shaunessy to wreck that chance—and his own chance of winning the heart of Jerry's sister.

Resolutely, he approached the manager.

"Tom, you'd better start Johnson or Young. I don't feel up to pitching today."

"Nonsense, man! You've got to! Don't you realize that you're our only hope? You've got to pitch!"

Larry nodded mutely. Yes, he supposed he'd have to pitch.

As he took his place on the mound, he glanced over at Joan. Her small, white face was held at a defiant angle. Her gray eyes were hard.

Dejectedly, he wound up. He hadn't decided what to do. He retired the men in one—two—three order.

For eight innings he pitched superb ball, while his team held a one-run lead. Brown was the only Athletic to reach first base. He singled each time up.

Then, in the ninth inning, Larry loosened up. He walked the first man. The second sacrificed, sending the runner to second. The next was walked. The fourth died on a pop fly. The next man sent a Texas Leaguer into short right. Two out, the bases loaded, and Jerry Brown at bat.

Larry wound up, grimly. Upon these next three balls depended his chances with Joan. If he slackened—let Jerry get a hit—he felt certain Joan would be his. But, if, on the contrary—

Larry sent the ball over the center of the plate—a perfect strike! The grandstand applauded. Larry fancied he could see Joan's lips tighten. He sent another over—Strike two! The Athletics moved, restlessly, on the bench. Larry watched Jerry, gravely. Slowly, he wound up. The series depended upon this ball. Larry's chances depended upon this ball. He let it go. Desperately, Jerry swung—and missed! The Great O'Shaunessy had conquered.

He turned, slowly, towards the clubhouse, pushing through the throng of excited people who had mobbed the players. Then, just before he reached the clubhouse:

"Larry."

He whirled around. Joan was standing there, one small hand outstretched.

"I want to congratulate you."

Larry took the hand, stiffly.

"Thank you." His words were cold.

"I'm glad you won, Larry. I wanted you to."

Larry stared at her.

"You wanted *me* to win? Why?"

"Because I love you, Larry." His arms were around her now, and her words were almost muffled against his uniform. "And because I think your wind-up is the best in both leagues. I'm crazy about your wind-up, Larry O'Shaunessy, but I'm crazier about you!"

By Her Brother's Hand

Irma Salvucci, J.'31.

"I'LL take good care of him until the night nurse comes, Miss Oswell."

"All right, but be sure you don't disturb him. He is likely to sleep through the night. But then you never can tell," she added in an undertone, as she went out.

Jean was left alone with her brother Carl, who had been in an automobile accident the day before and had, as yet, not regained consciousness.

Jean tiptoed to the bed, but seeing that Carl still slept, picked up a book, and settled herself comfortably to await the night nurse, Miss Wiggins.

It was so quiet she could hear the clock in the kitchen ticking. But soon the stillness was broken by a gentle movement from the direction of the bed. Jean looked up to see Carl stirring and struggling as though to throw off the blanket of sleep. She stepped to the bed and softly called his name.

"How do you feel now, Carl?"

There was no answer. Jean repeated her question. But still no answer. As she gazed at him, his eyes took on a wild look and his pupils dilated. They seemed to fascinate her. She didn't know what to do; she wanted to call out to Carl not to look at her so, but she remained speechless. Not a sound could she force from her clamped lips.

Slowly, slowly, Carl raised himself from the bed. This seemed to break the spell which had crept on Jean, for, with a cry, she sprang forward and attempted to push him back onto the bed. But he was too quick for here. With a low growl. he caught her and savagely pinned her arms against her sides and forced her into the chair she had just left. No sign of recognition lurked in the eyes that seemed to be on fire.

"You dirty rat; you would try it again, would you? Well, it'll be the last time. I've let you go time after time, but I won't this time. Now you've got to pay and pay and pay. And pay heavily, too."

"Carl, let me go, let me go! It's I; it's Jean. Don't you know me, Carl? You're hurting me; let me go!"

"Let you go? Not on a bet, you dirty rat. You framed my pal and now you'll pay for what you've done. You're going to pay and pay—and pay heavily, too."

His labored breathing seemed to race his body and shake him from head to foot. Jean was by this time thoroughly frightened and with a pull she tried to wrench herself from that iron grasp. Her struggles infuriated Carl all the more, for with a seemingly superhuman effort, he raised Jean from her feet, shouting:

"I'm going to kill you; I'm going to dash your head against that wall and crush you to a hundred pieces. You're going to pay your debt at last. You're going to pay and pay and pay."

With each word he worked himself into a frenzy and Jean thought of the Indians who did just this sort of thing before going on to their kill. So this was how she was to die, by her brother's hand. "No, no," she screamed, kicked, and cried, but to no avail. With a lurch he flung her down, down, down, into black, inky darkness. That was all. It was all over.

"Jean, Jean, what is it? Jean, wake up, why are you screaming? Can't you hear me, it's Carl"

Jean slowly opened her eyes, knowing not what to expect. Looking up she saw Miss Wiggins and Carl who had now regained consciousness, gazing at her with wonder. What a relief! It was all a dream!

The Law of the Gods

Helen Souden, F.'32

THE faint cloying odor of burning incense filled the chamber where the yellow masklike face and wizened form of a man struck a jarring note among the rich oriental hangings and rare trophies of the east.

The face, heretofore impervious, emotionless, slowly smiled a cold, cruel smile of diabolical satisfaction as he bent over a volume of ancient writings. The figure drooped in its chair as the shadow of a long, black thing clutching a dagger crept along the wall toward him, plunge itself into the body of the man; then as sinuously as it had come wended itself out into the vast unknown of the night.

The next day Chinatown was immersed in a strange disquiet. Hip Sing Lee, prominent Chinese merchant, had been found dead in his study with a dagger through his heart, and in his right hand was found a book of Chinese teachings. Through the middle of the page were two thin scratches of blood roughly underlining two lines, which read: "Only the law of the gods is supreme."

"Casey," announced the Chief to Sergeant Detective John Casey as he entered headquarters, "Hip Sing Lee has been murdered and I'm putting you in charge of the case. But remember, this investigating has got to be done quietly. Those Chinks are all on edge, and stirring them up just now would be dangerous. So far we've been able to keep the newspapers quiet about it."

The scene of the mystery offered few clues, thought Casey, as he made the customary inspection, except that underlined passage. That, he reasoned, indicated that the job had been done by a Chinese. No sane man would have left a message like that. But that helped little in a village of Chinese, anyone of whom might have had reason to end Lee's existence. He had many enemies, it was said, and certainly no one mourned his passing, except perhaps the large, melancholy black cat, perched on the window sill, a sleek, black thing which somehow looked like Hip Sing Lee, secretive and feline.

Casey's mind swiftly eliminated many possibilities before questioning Lee's one servant, Yen.

"Whom did Mr. Lee see last evening?" he began.

"Master no see anyone."

"Was he at home all evening?"

"Yes. No go out. Stay in there all evening with cat," indicating the study. "Teach cat tricks," he added.

"That's all Yen," nodded Casey in dismissal.

Casey, back in the study, bent over the chair where the crumpled figure lay sprawled.

Then for some reason purely instinctive, Casey rose in time to see the black cat flash its yellow-green eyes.. Fascinated, he watched it spring toward a small desk, pick up a paper cutter in its mouth, then with an upward jerk of its head the beast threw the cutter into the air. It spun, then landed with its blunt point half stuck in the top of a small table. Then, as if frightened at what it had done, it turned and fled from the fatal room.

Dumbfounded, Casey reported his find, and investigation was stopped. Another Chinatown mystery whose solution was almost as baffling as the mystery itself!

The following morning dawn broke and the sun rose over sleeping Chinatown, but the veil of night with its soft footsteps and mysterious shadows never lifts from that kingdom of superstition.

Many creeds and races have lived on the earth since the beginning of time, and the gods seem to have created laws for all of them. Sometimes I think that the shrouding cloak of mystery, swathing the heart of Chinatown, is not such a strange thing after all, that perhaps it too is one of the laws of the gods.

The Modern Note

Miss Dawes: "Who was the third murderer?"

Smallman: "Macbeth, because he wanted to see if the job was done out right."

The February 1931 Golden-Rod Staff

State Senator John D. Mackay---An Interview

Hugh J. Hunter, J.'31

IT was with a friendly welcome that State Senator John D. Mackay greeted me in an interview for the Golden Rod. "Surely, come right in and be seated," he answered. Seated in the office of Mr. Mackay, I was impressed with the friendly attitude of the State Senator towards Quincy High School, and the interest he takes in our magazine. Senator Mackay is a business-like man, and so immediately asked me what I was interested in.

"What," I asked him, "do you think of the wisdom of a young man's entering politics?"

"I have very positive views upon the subject," replied Mr. Mackay. "In spite of the usual advice given a young man against politics, my observation covering a good many years convinces me that except in rare cases, any young man improves his own position in a community, and paves the way for advancement in the occupation he's engaged in, by securing appointment or election to public office. There is much criticism of the man who neglects business for politics. We hear but little, on the other hand, of the benefits secured by participation in politics."

When queried as to what he thought of the youth of today, Senator Mackay answered: "In the main they differ but little from the youth of the latter part of the 19th century. Yet we hear genuine concern expressed over the apparent likeness with which the so-called sheik and so-called flapper view life. They seem to be quite capable of rising to the occasion when a serious situation confronts them."

"There is one criticism," he continued, "of the young man of today that is not original with me, but was made by a distinguished jurist who delivered an address at the Quincy High School graduation exercises some years ago, in which he declared 'the average American young man of today leaves behind him a trail of nickels and dimes for needless luxuries.' No one respects a miser, but, on the other hand, the young man who is in a hurry to spend his money is not likely to develop into a man of financial substance when he grows up."

"Mr. Mackay," I inquired, "what do you think of a high school education?

"Nothing short of a high school education will suffice to give any boy or girl a fair chance to make his or her way in the world," the Senator responded. He continued, "In saying this I am not unmindful of the fact that there are in every community persons in public life or private business carrying fairly heavy responsibilities who received not more than a grammar school training. A high school diploma is the symbol of what may justly be called a liberal education. It represents or is supposed to represent a long course of mental training and considerable accumulation of useful knowledge. With such a training there is little excuse for any healthy young man or woman to fail. Without such, however, a young man or woman is under serious disability."

Having already taken up almost an hour of Senator Mackay's time, I arose to leave, feeling that I had spent a worthwhile fifty minutes. "I hope," concluded Mr. Mackay, in his friendly way, as he said goodbye, "that you will receive your diploma next June, without fail."

Detective Stories---An Interview with Frederick Coates

Melvin Thorner, F.'31.

THE Quincy Art League offers a reservoir of prominent figures of the artistic world, to those inclined to admire the satellites of the day. At the January meeting of this league, I met Frederick Coates, the well-known detective fiction writer.

"It is a habit with me, Mr. Coates," I offered after the introduction, "to forget all my carefully prepared questions immediately on starting to ask them. However, I do recall one, let's hope the others will follow."

Mr. Coates smiled sympathetically and admitted he was often quite so himself.

"Was your entrance into the ranks of detective story writers foreplanned or accidental?" I asked.

"Mostly by accident, I suppose," he replied. "You see, quite a time ago, when I was teaching school, the first magazines which specialized in one type of story appeared. I happened to receive a couple of copies of a detective story magazine, and after reading them through, conceived an idea for a story of my own. I wrote this, and it was accepted by this magazine to which I have ever since contributed."

By this time I had found another question.

"Do your plots for stories crystallize in one inspiration, or do they require working over for a long time before you are satisfied?"

"It is very rare to get a full-grown conception of a story. Often stories are written over and over again, discarded for a time, and then worked over to my satisfaction."

"Have you done, or are you doing anything but detective stories?"

"Well, before my entrance to detective magazines, I had written many things which, I must admit, were not great successes. However, I have written western stories for the same company which publishes the detective stories."

I asked Mr. Coates about his publications outside of the United States, having heard that foreign magazines reprinted his stories.

"Although the foreign magazines do not use my original stories, reprints have been translated and published. My stories appear in five English magazines, in Danish, and other European publications," he answered.

"How about the field for detective stories? Is it over crowded or is there room for more writers?"

"Although the field is crowded, there is still room for good stories because of the ever-increasing number of magazines catering to the detective story writer."

I confessed that I was barren of further questions and Mr. Coates said:

"I forgot to say that I have also had some of my verses printed in the *New York Sun*."

This opened a new a new line of enquiry.

"Do you retain verse-writing as a hobby?"

Mr. Coates smiled.

"No. Writing poetry requires a special mood. I am so busy that it seems that the poetical mood rarely strikes me."

This closed the interview as far as questions went.

Mr. Coates has lived in Quincy for fifteen years, and now resides in Merrymount. He is a native of upper New York State, the "Irving Bacheller country," as he calls it.

Sports
EA

Quincy High Soccer Champions

Henry Stevens, J.'31

NOT satisfied with going through a whole season without a defeat, "Tommy" Fleming's soccer eleven further demonstrated their skill by crashing through the Pawtucket, R. I., team for two successive victories, thus gaining the title of New England Inter-Scholastic Champions. Maybe you'd be interested in a brief summary of the season.

The boys smashed through the Watertown defense to score six times, keeping the debit side clean, and a week later took the Worcester Academy tilt by a score of 2—1. The star of the game was easily Carl Jepson, whose long distance shooting was excellent.

The team certainly proved that they had a wonderful defense by holding New Bedford Vocational to a tie of 1—1. Our boys were outweighed to the man, but the sterling defensive work of Jenson, Desmond, and Nelson saved the day.

Jay Desmond was responsible for Quincy's only score in a hard game with Exeter. He scored by a 25-yard foul kick in the second half and the game ended 1—0. And just one week later Quincy took Tufts Reserves by a score of 6—0, with every man on the team playing a fine game.

Playing a return game with Exeter under adverse conditions, the Blue and White team, with the aid of Jepson and MacGibbon, won 3—1. This game was followed by a combat with the Brown freshmen, when Quincy ran wild and came home after defeating them 6—0.

In the game with New Bedford High, the alert Johnny Brown scored the love goal of the afternoon. It was this game that clinched the state championship for Quincy. Then, after taking a game from the Trade School by 8—0, our home team was invited to play Pawtucket for the New England championship.

The first game with Pawtucket was fast from the start. Quincy was in its prime during the first period and at halftime led by a score of 6—0. The R. I. boys rallied, however, in the second period, but could not make the grade, and the game ended Quincy 7, Pawtucket 4.

The second game played with the R. I. opponents was also a game of action. From the start the boys in Blue and White had the best of their rivals. Each play made by our fellows was flawless. Quincy won the game very decisively with a score of 5—0, Johnny Brown, our center forward, certainly deserves credit for the game he played.

At the end of the season we find that Johnny Brown is high scorer with 24 goals to his credit in 14 games played. Alec Mitchelson and Carlton Jepson are runners up with 15 goals apiece.

The Quincy High School Soccer team won the championship through the superb coaching of "Tommy" Fleming and the generalship of Captain Bill Jensen. The boys on our team, were go-getters, clean sportsmen, and real fighters. All Quincy is proud of them!

Rather Magnetic—What?

Ruby: "What sort of a personality has Harold Williams?"

Dot: "Well, when he steps on your toes while you're dancing with him, you feel that it's your own fault."

Courtesy Patriot Ledger

New England Soccer Champions 1930

Wise and Sport Wise

David Kinghorn, J.'31

Hello, everybody!!! Well! Well! Maybe our soccer team didn't go places and do things this season, huh?

* * * *

Coach "Tommy" Fleming certainly did a real job with the soccer team. It's too bad the student body didn't give the outfit more support during the season—not that the team needed it, but just for the sake of a little cheering to pep up the boys in the blue and white striped uniforms.

* * * *

Johnny Brown's educated toe has made many points for our soccer team. He is the leading scorer, having made 24 goals in 15 games played.

* * * *

Alec Mitchelson and Carleton Jepson didn't do so bad, either! They did a little scoring themselves, each one running up 14 goals for himself!

* * * *

New Bedford Vocational tried hard to spoil our clear slate, but the game finally ended in a tie, 1—1. We all owe Carl Jepson a slap on the back for sending in our score. What do you think, huh???

* * * *

Now that the soccer team is all through their season and have satisfied everybody by copping the New England Interscholastic championship, our hockey and basketball teams will show us a thing or two. If you don't believe it—well—some afternoon take a look at some of the basketball prospects as they practice in the gym and from there go down to the new skating rink and see some real hockey players!!!!!

* * * *

In case there are any sophomores not familiar with the outcome of the Quincy-Brockton football game, played on the twenty-second of November last, we might say that the score was Brockton 18, Quincy 0. Brockton made three touchdowns, six points for a touchdown, three times six is eighteen; Quincy made no touchdowns; therefore, we didn't score. Quite clear???

* * * *

We hope you fully appreciate the job of the sports writer of the Golden Rod, especially when it comes to the writing of summaries of games. There must be no unnecessary repetition. For instance, in one football article the ball was the "megg," the "pill," the "leather," the "oval," and the "pigskin"; the teams were called the "invaders," the "Quincyites," the "machine," the "outfit," the "home talent," the "invading horde," and the "winning club." Therefore, the sports writer thinks along different lines from the average pupil in that it would never enter his head that he should walk into his homeroom. He would either romp in, trickle in, barge in, ooze in, glide in, slide in, dodge in, ram in, dance in, or toddle in! Try this on your English teacher!!

* * * *

Jimmy LeCain started something real good when he arranged for inter-gym class teams and games. All the fellows enjoy the games and the competition afforded by them, and look forward to the seventh period on Thursday.

* * * *

Speaking of that inter-gym class basketball, girls, you ought to take a look down in the gym some Thursday. Oh! A fine bunch of fellows are there that can really shoot baskets too—like Wilbur Walker, Ken Urquart, and Bill Bailey.

* * * *

It's too bad that we can't get a few of those fellows together who have the nice baritone and tenor voices. You know the

ones—the ones whose melodious voices you hear through ventilators in Miss Shaw's room! The songs and voices, of course, originate in the boys' showers in the gym.

* * * *

It seems that the track team—in following the example set by the cross-country team—has "meets" anywhere from Mr. Wilson's office to room 300. That is, according to the sixth period notices, of course!!!

* * * *

In one of the gym classes the other day there were two sophomore boys both holding on to the same rope. One of them was saying:

"Inty, minty, dibbety fig,
Delia, Delia dominig—"

It doesn't seem possible, does it — but they were using this and age-worn method of deciding who should swing on the rope first!!!

* * * *

Everybody misses Miss Crockett, who has been out now for several weeks. We all hope to see her back at school shortly. She is not only a very well-liked English teacher, but is also a very able faculty advisor of the Golden Rod staff. Many a sports editor of this magazine has been helped greatly by Miss Crockett in putting out the best possible column.

* * * *

Why don't *more* fellows go out for our sports? Our coaches would certainly be glad to get all the material that they can lay hands on, so why not, when the basketball and hockey season come around, try out? If you know something about basketball, go down and practice with the rest of the fellows. If you think you know something about hockey, go and try for the team. When baseball comes, if you can play well at all, try for that. It doesn't matter whether you are a soph or a senior. Everyone who plays on the varsity teams gets his letter and practically every fellow who ever enters a high school hopes some day to have a letter. Come on now, fellows! Go out for your sport; try, and try hard!!!!

On trying to find out a little something in the line of girls' sports, I went down to the gym one afternoon, and saw a group of girls playing with an inflated, spherical piece of leather. From earlier experience, I realized that this was a basketball. It did not come to me, though, just what the girls were doing. At times they got quite rough with each other; they would yell and scream, and throw the ball back and forth. I saw Mr. MacDonald and inquired as to their actions. He said that he *thought* they were playing basketball, but that I could find out for sure from Miss Baker. So evidently the girls are practicing basketball and that is one girls' sport for this issue.

* * * *

The girls really are quite active with their sports program and have some very fast basketball games and indoor track practice. Just go to the gym some night and see them, fellows! You'll have to admit that some of those girls are pretty "fast."

* * * *

Here's hoping everybody shows some real, live interest in the basketball games this season. Come on, fellows, and girls —we want a winning team this year, and they need *you* in the bleachers to cheer for Q. H. S.!!!

* * * *

So long for now! See you at the games!

* * * *

ROLLEM OVER-LIMITED-FUNERAL PARLORS

Let Q. H. S. prepare you for exams;
Let College Boards finish you,—
Then let us bury you.

"Bell"-lieve Me

Geraldine: "And now they've progressed so far in the invention that you can dial on a telephone and get your own number."

Voice: "Gerry, what you mean is try and get your number."

They're Still Loyal

"Aye, Aye, Sir!"

HO, for the life of a sailor! A sailor's life may sound romantic, but don't be misled. It isn't all a bed of roses. There are plenty of hardships that the landsman doesn't encounter. Whether it be cold or rainy or scorching hot, the sailor has to carry on with his work. The eight-hour day often becomes a twelve- or fourteen-hour day. Yet there are more and more men taking up the sea as a life.

When analyzed into individual elements, life at sea seems rather uncomfortable to the layman. But taken as a whole, it is a most enjoyable life. I think that the thing that pleases me most is the way in which the work is done. One is told to do something. He goes and does it and then hangs around until someone appears to give him something else to do. This existence without responsibility is very pleasant for one who does not take the affairs of the world to heart.

I have been on the S.S. Leviathan, the "world's largest ship," for four months and have enjoyed nearly every minute of it. My superior officer is G. C. Stedman, Q. H. S., '14. He is Chief Officer and a mighty fine officer. The life becomes pleasanter every day. I have made up my mind to stick to it and get a license. I hope, in time, to be wearing many gold stripes.

E. PORTER COLLINS, Q. H. S., '26.

Tidings from Hollywood

The seal of the Pathé crowing cock headed a letter from Charles Edward Sullivan, a movie director in Culver City, California. Excerpts from his letter are as follows:

"Between the years 1901 and 1905 young men graduating from grammar schools in the city of Quincy gave consideration to the matter of choosing between two schools for their advanced education. These two schools were the Quincy High School and Adams Academy. While I had at that time and still have a profound respect for the education that the young men who attended Adams Academy received, I am very proud to be a Quincy High School alumnus, and am still striving to cause that school to be proud of me as an alumnus. . . . To the undergraduates I desire to say only this: that if I have succeeded in any measure in the business world, the degree of success which I have achieved became possible only through the efforts of the teachers who devoted a considerable portion of their lives to educating me while I was a student at Quincy High School, and I want to take this occasion to remind the undergraduates that each and everyone of them, when they graduate from Quincy High School, will owe a substantial debt of gratitude to the teachers who assisted them in their studies while they were students, and that they should always look back upon the association with the same degree of pleasure that I do."

Tidbits

Many graduates of Quincy High School are now teaching in Quincy schools. At Senior High Schools are Muriel Goudey and Martha Tikkanen, both of F.'23. Among the faculty at North Junior High are Grace Parker '07 and Maria Edmonston '24. The latter is soon resigning to be married. Alice Goodhue '24 is instructor of music at South Junior High.

THEY'RE STILL LOYAL

In the teaching staff of the grammar schools of the city are Evelyn Johnson '23 and Evelyn Ambrose '24 at the Wollaston School. Mary Darrah '25 is at the John Hancock School. Another member of the class of '25, Gertrude Savage, is teaching at the Washington School. At the Willard School is Hazel Amet '26.

Edmund Johnson '23 is a member of the faculty of Thayer Academy.

Ruth Broadbent is supervisor of art at Farmington Normal, Farmington, Maine.

Elizabeth MacGregor teaches at Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vermont.

Working for degrees at the various colleges and universities are Dick Baltzer, M. I. T.; Russel Chapman, Bates; Donald MacDonald, B. C.; and Benjamin and Max Stein, Brown University; all of the class of '27.

Class of '28 is represented by Elsie Eagles, New England Conservatory of Music; Elizabeth Lawrence, Bridgewater; Winnifred Turner, Simmons; Max Turok and Elsworth Smith at Tufts; Charles Burg, B. U. School of Music; Joseph Schuman and Charles Djerf, M. I. T.; Sydney Rappaport, William and Mary College; and Henry Gesmer, Harvard.

Outstanding among teachers who have graduated from Quincy High is Miss Florence M. Hoagland, who is teaching psychology and philosophy at Meredith College in Raleigh, North Carolina. Quoting her: "Meredith is a small denominational college drawing its student body from North Carolina and the surrounding states. This year we have six students from New England, and several from Pennsylvania. We are located just outside of the capitol of North Carolina, so we have access to the diversions of the city as well as the country. . . . Occasionally I meet a member of the class of 1919 in my travels, and then we talk over our high school days, and have much to say of Miss Dawes, Miss Thompson, and Miss Howe."

Those of the class of '29 who are continuing formal study are Helen Ordway and Valine Shea, Posse Nisson; Douglas MacDonald, B. C.; Barbara Morrison, University of Southern California; Barbara Baltzer, Simmons; William Lundy, Bentley's School of Accounting and Finance; Ethel Johnson and Warren Freeman, B. U. School of Music; and Vaino Tirri, Northeastern University.

Class of 1930 is well represented at Bridgewater Normal by Ruth Koss, Sylvia Bianchi, Marie Johnson, Helene Johnson, and Elizabeth Dunlavy. Others of this class seeking higher education are John Pinkham, Williams College; John Walsh, Harvard; William Halloran and Lawrence Christianson, Blair Academy; Andrew Lund and Bob Matson, Wilbraham Academy; George McCue and William Cagney, B. C.

Many of our alumni have become successful in the business world. L. Starrat White '11 is practicing dentistry in Wollaston.

Arthur Carusa '18 is a Certified Public Accountant.

Rachael Sampson '23, now Rachael Sampson Tirrell, is coach of the Community Players of Quincy.

Ruth Nickerson '28 is working for Hartshorn and Walters, Public Accountants, Boston.

Helen Egan and Jean Hodgingson '29 are librarians at the Thomas Crane Public Library.

New High Reached

Our idea of the height in penury is the fellow who, when you ask him for just one sheet of block paper, gives you just one sheet.

Miss B.: "Bob, were you talking?"
Bob: "No."
Miss B.: "Well, what were you doing?"
Bob: "I was just telling Joe to stop talking."

Student (to girl at sandwich counter in cafeteria): "I'll have two sandwiches, please."
Girl: "Something else, Bud?"
Student: "Yes, a paperweight; the last sandwich I bought blew away."

Editorially Yours

H. J. H.

ALTHOUGH the disapproval of the school was registered concerning the new athletic ticket, by a referendum last month, it seems quite certain that the new project was poorly advertised and greatly misunderstood by the student body. It is almost a certainty that the ticket is popular among the students and it is a positive fact that the proposed ticket is beneficial to the students. The GOLDEN ROD heartily endorses the new plan, fully realizing the facts and the purpose of the ticket.

The proposed ticket would cost but $1.25 a year and would admit one student to 26 home athletic games. To facilitate matters, the new plan would even allow installment payments for the ticket; in January, a payment of 75 cents would purchase a ticket good for the basketball and baseball seasons and a payment of an additional 50 cents would secure a ticket good for the football and soccer games. The reduction in cost would be approximately three dollars over the present cost of the several tickets in vogue at the present time.

Everything concerning the ticket is patterned to fit the needs of the student. It would be, if accomplished, the greatest forward step in the financing of athletics in recent years. Yet there is one obstacle to its progress—the indifference of the students. We urge a trial of the plan. And if such a trial takes place, we urge you to support the new ticket.

New Year's Resolution: To talk less and do that well.

We wonder whether the Zoning Ordinance classifies Q. H. S. as a heavy industry or a residential section?

Because last year's GOLDEN ROD went $150 in debt, we heard cries for its abolishment, yet athletics are ten times that amount in arrears and more money is being spent yearly.

The courage to be "cautiously afraid" is true courage indeed.

A course in dancing is worth two in Latin!

Causes for a revolution: a group of minds with an upsetting thought.

Like the wheat overproduction, so is the overproduction of committees of S. A. C.

To be technical, is it detention or retention?

To be tardy a minute means thirty minutes in detention, yet the stealing of ice cream in the cafeteria is dealt with but little.

Athletes must be good sports on the field, so they tell us, but from the way some athletes permanently adopt the school's equipment, the field must be the only place.

Our motto: "Patronize Quincy merchants as we ourselves would have Quincy merchants patronize us."

How many students *know* the rudiments of parliamentary law?

The value of a "penny-newspaper" in a high school is great: too many students aren't interested in Q. H. S. because Q. H. S. does not attempt to interest them.

Fools may be born at the rate of one a minute, but jay-walkers are killed just as fast. A perfect equation.

Quantity production cheapens everything—even high school graduates.

Personally, we hate anybody who sermonizes, for who cannot tell you what you should do?

Outside reading books are seldom read.

We may have queer thoughts, but at least we have some thoughts.

From 23 pages six years ago the GOLDEN ROD has almost tripled its volume.

Are We Old Fashioned?

H. J. H.

In this year of our schools, 1931 A. D., when students are speaking in terms of "Whoopee" and "O Yeah," when everybody travels at a mile-a-minute speed and unless a school dance lasts all night, it's a "quiet little affair," it is well for us to contemplate—"Are we Old Fashioned?" But in contemplating, let us for the sake of argument, train our meditations upon the extra-curricula system in vogue at Quincy High School. Is our system the most efficient 1931 edition of extra-curricula programs? or is our systeem old-fashioned? We do not feel qualified to decide; but we do feel qualified to suggest, what to us, is the idéal 1931 program.

It must be remembered that the graduating class of '75 that consisted of 18 members cannot be compared with the graduating classes of 1931, which include about 200 members, and what was ideal for that class would be unsatisfactory to the modern class.

The modern class officers should be elected twice, once in the junior year and again in the senior year. A junior cannot elect officers for the senior, for student thought changes from year to year. With junior class officers and senior class officers, the students would be better satisfied, more students would benefit from being officers, and efficiency would be increased. The work required for a second election would be very small.

The junior-senior program is desirable; to crowd all the class activities into the senior year is to invite mediocrity. The junior class under its officers should have its activities and the senior class should have its individual program. A junior prom and a senior reception would be ideal. The various dances are now conducted by the senior class; why not spread the work over two years and have two outstanding dances? The student would not be deprived of anything he now has; to the contrary, he would have much added to his school life. The junior year should be cultivated and improved.

As to the GOLDEN ROD, our school magazine, we believe that as an organization of juniors the situation would be as it should. The junior class should control the school magazine. A school year book, published by the senior class, would be an additional publication of Quincy High School. By having both classes sponsor a publication, the magazine and year book could be accomplished without any crowding of the senior year. We champion this system of school publications.

Senior dramatics, now a joint senior class activity, would have a parallel in a musical comedy or entertainment sponsored by the joint junior classes. Aside from giving the juniors a chance to finance their junior prom, it would give the junior an opportunity to better his talents as an actor. Should not the junior class have some such event to look forward to?

So to us a class program that in the junior year includes election of officers, the publishing of the GOLDEN ROD, a musical entertainment, and a grand finale in a junior prom would enrich the student's high school life. Then in the senior year an election of officers, the pub-

lishing of a year-book, senior dramatics, senior class day, a glittering senior reception, and then a dignified graduation exercise—and that conscious feeling that takes place in the heart of a graduate—"I've had the best of fun, the best of high school education, and I've got pleasant memories of pleasant events."

Perhaps we are fantastical and impractical; perhaps we are critical of that which is now in effect,—but whether these things are so or not, isn't it time to look over our neighbors and ask ourselves the question, "Are we old fashioned?" We think so!

The Shoemaker in Prison

ALFRED STARRATT, J.'33

Night upon night,
Day upon day,
Waiting, just waiting,
And wasting away;
Listening to laughter
Down in the street.
Now almost burning
With the sun's fiery heat,
And now, turning blue
With the cold, as the moon
Sends its cold rays
To the depths of my tomb.
Thirsty and careworn,
Longing for rest,
Hunger is gnawing
And burning my breast,
Buried alive
In a vermin hole,
Tortured in body,
In mind and in soul.
Pacing the length
And the width of my cell,
Oh, Merciful God,
Take me out of this Hell!
Dreaming of things
That I might have had,
The sound of my hammer
Is driving me mad.
Tap—Tap—Tap,
Listening to weak men who cry—
Tap—Tap—Tap,
Oh, Merciful God, let me die!

An Interview with Joe Lyllum

By ROLAND COOPER

(An Interview to End All Interviews.)

When the editor assigned us to obtain an interview with Joe Lyllum, we were flabberga—flabber—well, yes.., It was only after much difficulty that we were able to procure a hearing.

"For less than a thousand dollars I couldn't hear you," Mr. Lyllum kept shouting. We finally compromised on three dollars and a ticket to the Gayety. Mr. Lyllum needs no introduction to the public: for years he has appeared in math books calling himself X in a modest desire to remain unknown. In the famous Republican Rally of 1928 he was the elephant's trunk, and in the Y. W. C. A. dramatization of Ben Hur he was the horse's neck. He blushingly discredits the fact that he is the cat's meow, however.

When Henry Ford presented his car to society in 1928, it was Mr. Lyllum who revised all the old Ford jokes and built a car around them, with collaboration of Mr. Austin. Finally, through his intimate contact with Mr. Collins, Miss Rizzi and the etc. he has come to be known as "L'authorite le dernier cri" on the office affairs.

Now go on with this breathless, heartless, senseless probe of a poor girl's heart.

Question: What is the effect of the factory system on labor?

Answer: Do you mean the ex post factory or the factory before the fact?

Question: Is prohibition detrimental or beneficial to the constitutional liberty of the U. S.?

Answer: The only way a football player leaves his mark in the world is with a big X.

Question: Does it pay to be a college graduate?

Answer: You can't tip over G. Bernard Shaw's "Apple Cart."

Question: In your opinion, is Judge Lindsey's companionate marriage theory a euphemious name for a disgusting condition of free love? Or again are you in favor of it? Which?

Answer: Yes! Indeed.

Question: Will you please give a detailed explanation of the present business depression to the waiting world?

Answer: It would have been funny if the Lindbergh kid had been born with wings, wouldn't it?

At this point Mr. Lyllum excused himself gracefully to answer the telephone. Next week we shall define prohibition.

JOKES
McDonald

Smile Awhile

The Man's Man

By Roland Cooper

My lord, where is Jack Dalton? A shrill voice rent the air. Our Cacklehack Eight was stalled directly on the railroad tracks. Women screamed, and even strong men blanched. The 44th Limited was churning in merrily at the speedy rate of more or less. We three brave men and women saw in a keen flash of cool, calm intuition that if it hit us, we should have no supper that night.

Little Tillie in the corner chirped up spunkily, "Say, youse guys, ain't you gonna do nuthin'?"

"Yes, we ain't!" Fred growled in a heavy tremolo. Poor, dear Fred. Always the first in repartee was Fred.

"What can we do?" groaned Oscar Dithilwaite. "Let's get out of the car," he added as an afterthought when the brilliant idea seeped into his brain. Oscar was very practical-minded.

Well, it happened that the doors were locked, so that was out. By this time there was a general confusion in the car. The popular concensus of opinion was that something ought to be done. "I can do a tango," yipped May, in her excitement.

"I can play a piano," ventured Charlie.

Ah, but cruel, ironic fate had taken a hand. What good were these cultural achievements at a time like this?

"I understand a car thoroughly," I suggested timidly.

They all laughed in derision as I dived through the window and crawled under the car.

"How do you know anything about a car?" they demanded. "Why, you're always the wallflower at our dances and parties."

I spit out a mouthful of grease and said nothing. "Spit" is a horrid word, but it is worse when you swallow two ounces of transmission sustenance. After tinkering around under the car for an hour, I got up and dusted my hands nonchalantly with a silk mouchoir. The occupants of the car watched me anxiously. Without affectation or pride, I announced calmly, "We're out of gas." for an instance there was dead silence. You could have heard a worm crawling through an apple. Then the tension broke, and they all pressed toward me, clamoring excitedly in their quiet way, awestruck and spellbound. "My goodness, where did you learn so much about cars?"

I could see sweet little Mehitabel blushing with pride for me as I said modestly, "The International Correspondence School did it all, folks, and it will do the same for you if you will only write, call, or telegraph."

Your Best Friend Will Tell You

By Joe Lyllum

"Virginia, I've wanted for ages to talk to you, like this, alone. I have something to say to you. Will you—er—will you—oh, I don't know how to say it. I realize that I'm in no position to ask you to—uh—er, well. I've known you ever since we were little kids together. You won't deny that there has always been a certain relationship between us, and I know that, but who am I to ask a girl like you to—pull up her stockings? But, honestly, they're sloppy as the dickens!"

This Week's Prize

Goes to Dot. She thinks a despot is where trains take on passengers. Next prize goes to Pat, who knows, of course, that a currycomb is a course of study.

The Best of Enemies

Jerry in special report: "Grant and Littlewood were very bitter friends."

Hoisted with His Own Petard

Mr. Cutler was wondering why the chair seemed so reluctant to give him up until he suddenly remembered that he had ordered Eugene Nattie to throw away his gum.

Stocks, Bonds (and fetters)

Kind Old Lady: "Remember, my man, iron bars do not a prison make."

Inmate: "That's a rich one. Now did you ever hear the one about, 'It's not the money, it's the principle of the thing'?"

Ego mihi te

The kind of a fellow who, when a girl says "There are some fellows I just don't like," thinks she means someone else.

Be Not the First, etc.

Bob: "Does Bill get along with the faculty?"

Al: "Well, when I told him I lived a stone's throw from the principal, he wanted to come right over and start throwing."

Ananias Save the Mark!

The class that said yes when the teacher asked if she could trust them while she went out of the room.

Battle of the Sages

Miss Dawes: "Slate, let not thine own mouth sound thy praises."

Hizzoner Harold: "Well, you wouldn't want me to hide my light under a bushel, would you, Miss Dawes?"

Thorner: "If you have a light, Slate, it's a satellite."

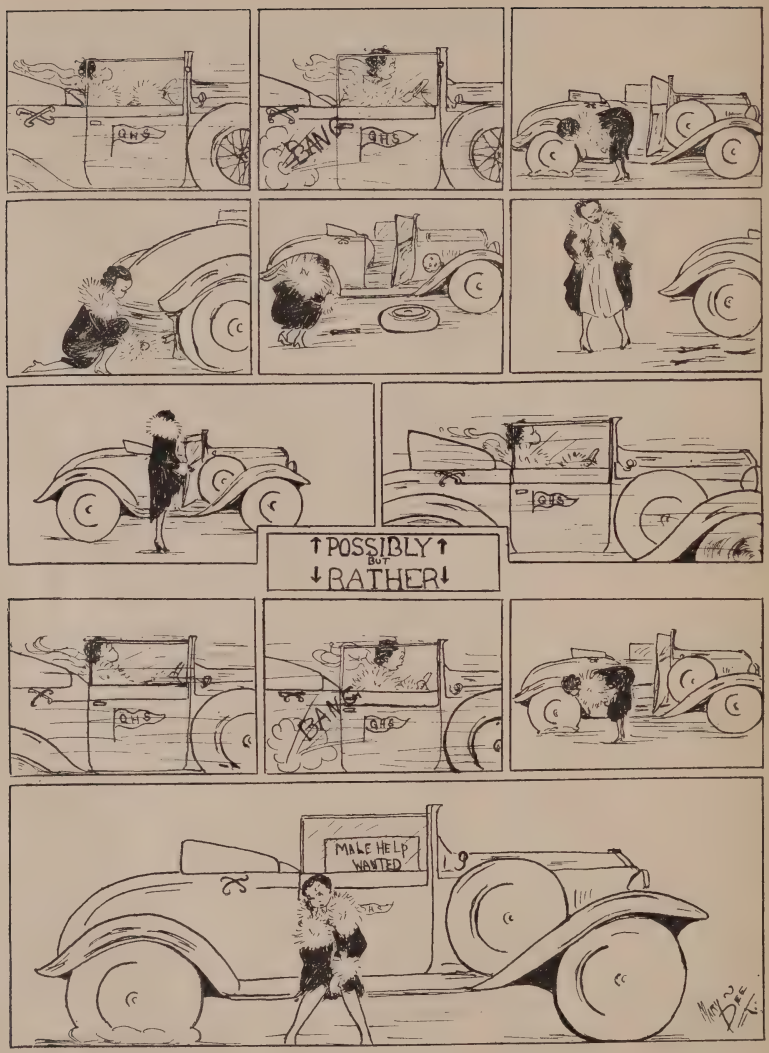
Slate: "Sit on your own lights, this is between Miss Dawes and me. It is she with whom I am having a conversation, with—whom."

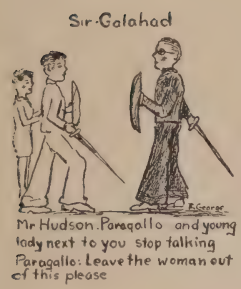
Miss Dawes: "Well, as Thorner says, Harold, what makes you think you're bright?"

Our President: "Oh, they call me 'Bootblack' at home because I shine so much."

Miss Dawes: "It seems to me you could have stood more polish, then, but we'll let it go at that."

Gosh I've only one study period all week and have three languages
What of it
My brother takes up English, French, Italian, Scotch, Spanish, and Irish and never worries about study periods
Boy how does he do it he must be a wizard
Here he comes now
That d'n elevator gets tighter every time I ride Jack on it


BANG
↑POSSIBLY↑
BUT
↓RATHER↓
BANG
MALE HELP WANTED



Can This Be Love

By Kay Hofferty

Regardless of the time and the place whether it's "When the Organ Plays at Twilight" "Under a Texas Moon" or "Beyond the Blue Horizon" "I'm Confessing" "I Love You Truly." It doesn't have to be in commemoration of the "Wedding of the Painted Doll" or "Baby's Birthday Party" for me to tell you "I'm Needing You"—a fact which is not one of "Those Little White Lies." "Sweet Jennie Lee" if I were asked to "Sing Something Simple" to anyone in "My Love Parade" I would choose you as my victim and in "Just Three Little Words" I'd tell you "You're Simply Delish." "My Love for You" is "Always in Al ways" and even if I were "Way Out In Old Wyoming" "Under a Ukelele Moon" "Loving You the Way I Do" would make me "Still Get a Thrill." To prove I'm yours "Body and Soul," even "I Don't Mind Walking in the Rain" with you, but nevertheless "Here Comes the Sun" so "Au Revoir" "Betty Coed."

We Wonder How Mencken Stoops So Low

Miss Thompson: "Melvin, you must have made a mistake in your radicals. Your answer is different from mine."

Thorner: "Well, is it radically different?"

Examination Form A-X

1. Explain: If Mr. Bridges is absent, how far is it from room 303 to the water fountain?
2. Mark true or false
   1) There is a Santa's Clause in every will.
   2) If the assembly hall is crowded, home room 315 is mass storage.
3. Answer Yes or No
   1) Whose necktie is the most colorful?
   2) The Indian is not Cupid's cousin.
4. Write a 1000 word theme on
   1) How I found seat 79, left, at the Old Howard.
   2) If Mary powders her nose, how does it stimulate business?
   3) The Alhambra was closed because Tommy Flemming was looking for the nickel he lost in row S.
5. Completion
   1) A short line is the straightest distance of time between midnight and ———.
   2) "Give me study periods or give me sleep," said ———.
   3) If x = the apple, how many oranges are there to the pound?
6. The Soph's law of gravity is, a book will fall if it is dropped. Prove after solving.
7. Choice Questions Answer
   1) Choose your own questions and answer 5 out of 3.

Such Stuff as Dreams are Made on

By Melvin Thorner

Dreams are the reflections of the deeds our inner selves strive to accomplish. Because I procrastinate in real life, my dreams are full of things done; things which *should* be done.

I dreamed I was a cave man with a shaggy beard and a loin-cloth. I had hair on my chest, and my hands were knotted and calloused. I was sitting in a monstrous cave, whose ceiling and walls were lined with stone tablets on which queer hieroglyphics were inscribed. From time to time blocks of polished granite came sailing through the entrance to land near-by, and my special job was to pick these up, decipher the inscriptions on them and record the results of my translations on a slab of limestone propped at my feet.

There was a lull in these activities while I rose and got another piece of limestone. Then, as I sat once again, a blue stone, of imposing appearance, landed at my feet. I hastily picked it up and scanned its message. "Lawrence High School Bulletin" was outstanding with the story, "A Ford's Revenge." This tablet had a very interesting column labeled, "What the School Needs," and another "Do You Know—."

I reluctantly laid it aside as another missive rolled noisily through the door. Ah! this one was done up in an attractive green. Bending to my task, I found that here was a tablet worthy of the interest of one better than this weary scribe. It was the "Screech Owl," replete with fine stories and good jokes. Clever cartoons and good poems gave this magazine a well-finished and efficient air.

Suddenly the air was rent with a rumble which increased to a roar. I hastily withdrew to the outside air and was overwhelmed by a landslide of multi-colored archeological specimens which rolled and bounced down the hillside. Sorting these, I came across the "Red and White," from Rochester, with one of the most attractive of covers: Attractive because it was so simply done. This magazine had a clever column named "Drops of ink, to make you think."

Next was "The Pilgrim." It drew attention by its graphic editorials with well-given points. The story, "The Sign of the Gold Balls," was written with fine insight and a discerning eye.

Ah, "The Stetson Oracle," with its ever-beaming cover! We like this magazine for its "school-iness." It stays close to its boundaries and does a good job of it. Why not a few more department headings?

Although prehistoric creatures abounded in my dream, the cover of the "Jabberwoch," with its terrifying and fantastic dragon nearly woke me up. But the inside soothed and placated me, for here was reading material galore. Its stories showed original plotting and careful composition. More poems, however, could be used to round out the otherwise interesting and complete departments.

The Golden-Rod wishes to thank the Senior Office Practice Classes for their assistance in typing the material for this issue.

Autographs

Semper Ubi Exhibimus F. 34 (Love Soph)

Gertrude Leppala J '33

Mildred Findlay J '33

Jean Walker J '33

Natalie Clark J '33

[illegible]

Mary Hutson J '32

Adelaide Chapman J '31

Nicholas Guarello "Pansy" J33

Fabio Grippi J33

Gunnar Laakso J '33.

Peter Ruscitto J '32

"Ernie" Dahlquist

Frank R. Sing.

Agnes D. Smith

Mary Lendrum

Harriet Fowler J '33

Alli Puro "Al" J '33

Sonia Cutler "J-33" "Sunny" "Best of Luck"

Ernie Stevens J '33

Lillian Bunlow J '33 - '32

Ellen Tagerlund J '31

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Dorothy Burke J 31
Helen Gilmore
Marie Dressler (alias)
John Cronin
Marion Hay -- J 31
James Enright
Joe Ford
Mary Hunt

"Bobbie" Holbrook J 33
Pat Halpin J 32
Mary Horgan J 33
Billie J 34
Cecilia Hurley
"Pap" Sullivan J ?
Maude F. Wheeler
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